

Next Week! "A Paper of His Own; or, How Phil Bright Became an Editor." Next Week!

THIS PAPER GIVES AWAY TEN BICYCLES EVERY FOUR WEEKS.

# HAPPY DAYS

A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD

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No. 200

## TOM TAYLOR,

The Boy Who Worried Blanco; or, How He Won His Stars.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

By H. K. SHACKLEFORD.



With the recklessness of men who had long been accustomed to ride down mobs of unarmed people, the cavalry yelled, and charged furiously upon the Cubans. "Steady, now, men," sung out Captain Tom. "Ready! Aim! Fire!" He was extremely deliberate in giving the orders, and the men of his command stood firm as they delivered the volley.

## TOM TAYLOR.

BY H. K. SHACKLEFORD.

## CHAPTER I.

YOUNG TOM TAYLOR AND BLANCO—THE THREAT.

When General Fitzhugh Lee, the American Consul-General of Havana, left that city to return to the United States, just prior to the declaration of war, quite a number of American citizens came away with him. Among them was a youth of some eighteen years of age, named Taylor, whose father owned a sugar plantation in Pinar del Rio province, on which all the mills and houses had been destroyed by order of Weyler, after seizing some legal documents pertaining to the estate and other property.

It was for the purpose of obtaining those documents that young Taylor called upon the captain-general on the day before his departure. Blanco received him courteously, as the youth had twice called on him before, and quietly listened to his application.

"I don't know where the documents are at this moment," said Blanco, "but I presume that my secretary does. As everything now points towards an open rupture between the United States and Spain I certainly cannot return you any property located in Spanish dominions."

"But, general," said young Taylor, "there is no war between the United States and Spain, and hence from a legal standpoint it is unjust to withhold my property from me."

"The property is held legally under the articles of war, which justifies the seizure of property belonging to individuals charged with aiding and abetting the enemies of Spain."

"Neither I nor my father, general, have aided or abetted the insurgents in any way whatsoever."

"That is a matter for investigation," was the reply.

"And that will take place during my absence," retorted young Taylor.

"Why should you be absent?" Blanco asked.

"Because self-preservation is the first law of nature, an American citizen's life is not safe in Cuba just now."

"Well, whose fault is that?" Blanco asked.

"It is certainly no fault of mine," was the reply.

"But it is the fault of your country," retorted Blanco.

"This is a matter of private property, and as I am leaving the country, the landed estate will remain subject to the laws of Spain, but the documents that have been taken from me pertain to property in New York and other places in America, over which Spain can have no control under any circumstances; you can at least return those to me."

"I can return you nothing," remarked the captain-general.

"Very well, general. I shall leave Havana to-morrow with General Lee; but some day I will return, and it may be that you will regret this act of injustice," and he started to leave the presence of the governor-general, who sneeringly remarked to him:

"I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you when you do return."

"It is quite possible that you may," answered young Taylor, "for I shall certainly let you know of my presence on the island, and perhaps worry you just a little bit," and he passed out of the room, leaving the captain-general with a grim smile on his face.

Young Taylor immediately repaired to the American Consulate, and reported to General Lee, as one who would leave with him on the following day for Key West.

General Lee, through his private secretary, had notified what few American citizens were still in the city of the last chance they would have to leave Havana unmolested; but the great bulk of Americans who had been in Havana had already departed. The next day the little party repaired to the wharf to take the steamer that was to convey them to Key West.

A great crowd of people were on the street to see them leave. All the wharves were black with a dense crowd of humanity, hurling all sorts of violent epithets at the consul-general and his party.

No reply was made to anything said to them by the populace, and the little party of Americans was soon safely on board the steamer. It was then General Lee's turn, and pointing to the Spanish flag waving over Morro Castle, said to those about him:

"Look at that flag out there, for this is the last year it will wave anywhere over Cuban soil."

The ship then steamed away, followed by the jeers, sneers and taunts of the scum of the city, and a few hours later was in the harbor at Key West, where the American consul-general was given an ovation

## "HAPPY DAYS"

## BICYCLE AND BUTTON COUPON.

To the ten persons sending us the largest number of these coupons cut from "Happy Days"—between the numbers 197 and 200—we will send to each one a "Happy Days" Bicycle, or we will send War-ship Buttons for these coupons, if sent to us according to directions printed on page 16.

by the citizens. He hastened on to Tampa, where he took a special train that was to convey him to Washington.

Young Taylor accompanied him all the way, and continued on to New York after parting with him at Washington. On arriving in New York young Taylor reported to his father, and informed him that Blanco had refused to return to him the documents seized by Weyler.

"Well, it can't be helped," said the elder Taylor; "we shall simply have to wait until the Spaniards are driven out of Cuba before we can hope to again do anything with the property there."

"Of course," said Tom; "but I promised Blanco that I would return to Cuba and let him hear from me."

"You did, eh?"

"Yes, sir; right to his face."

"What did he say to that?"

"He replied that he would be very glad to see me again, and I am going to make him understand that he uttered more truth than he was aware of when he said it, for I intend to worry him until he is willing to pay a million of dollars to see me once more in his presence as a prisoner."

"See here now, Tom, my boy, don't go to doing anything rash or foolish."

"On the contrary, father, I intend to be prudent and cautious, but at the same time worry Blanco more than ever a gad fly worried a horse."

A day or two later Tom was in consultation with the secretary of the Cuban Junta in the city of New York. A week later he was on his way to Florida, accompanied by a score of Cubans who had seen service in the insurgent army. He established himself at Jacksonville, where he was secretly joined by many other Cubans who came to the city quietly by ones and twos and threes, until he had a force of over one hundred men quietly waiting orders from him. He paid all their expenses, conducting everything so quietly as to excite no suspicion whatever.

In the meantime the President of the United States had proclaimed war against Spain. There was then nothing to prevent Cubans or Americans from warlike acts against Spanish authority in Cuba. Yet young Taylor thought it best as far as possible to keep secret the object of his movements, knowing as he did that Spanish spies were thick all along the coast of Florida. Late one afternoon a little steamer entered the harbor of Fernandina, and that night two carloads of quiet, but dark-colored passengers left Jacksonville for that little port, and before midnight they were all on board the unknown steamer, and before daylight had passed out to sea.

Young Taylor was on his way to Cuba to make good his threat of worrying Blanco. A little after sunrise the party were assembled on deck, and were addressed by the daring young American.

"Boys!" he sung out to them, "we are going ahead of the Stars and Stripes to raise the Cuban flag and fight for the freedom of the island, with the assurance that the army and navy of the United States will make our victory certain and sure. You have each of you pledged to me your word of honor, in consideration of my having paid all expenses of transportation and equipment, to stand by me as long as the war shall last. I am frank to admit to you that I have a personal grievance to settle with Blanco. At the same time I pledge to you that I will order no man into danger that I would not share with him. We have on board of this vessel cases of Winchester rifles, sabers and revolvers of the best make, with plenty of ammunition for an active campaign. You have all seen service, so you need no instructions in the use of arms, nor in the ways of killing Spaniards. I promise you plenty of fighting, and at the same time will try always to avoid unnecessary waste of life. Let every man now proceed to supply himself with a rifle and revolver, together with uniforms and equipments."

With wild shouts of enthusiasm the Cubans broke open the cases and selected their arms, uniforms and equipments, after which they proceeded to perfect their organization.

Tom Taylor was elected captain, with the right to appoint the lieutenants at his leisure.

Having spent nearly half his life on his father's sugar plantation, young Taylor had learned to speak Spanish like a native. He was hardy, active and strong, with a very keen insight into human nature that was quite unusual in one of his years.

During the day he made his selection for first lieutenant. He was a young Cuban by the name of del Pino, who was some twenty-five years of age, and had seen two years of service under Gomez, and who had been in New York for some three months recovering from a wound. The selection was satisfactory to every Cuban on board. As it was the intention of the party to make a landing on the coast under cover of night, the steamer slackened its speed to avoid showing up at the point of danger before night came on, after which she steamed forward, and by midnight had reached the spot at which Tom had intended disembarking.

The little party set up the standard of the Cuban Republic in the village, which was called La Palma, and invited the people to join them. About a score of Cubans joined them during the next day, all of whom stated that they had already seen service, and had simply ventured back to their homes in the absence of any Spanish troops in the vicinity.

Tom promised each one who joined them a Winchester rifle and a revolver, and to

pay each one ten dollars a month if the contributions he proposed to levy upon the enemy enabled him to do so. In a few days about fifty new recruits came in, and he sent a detachment back to his secret store-house for arms and ammunition for them.

It was while the detachment was away that a young Cuban woman came to the camp and asked to see the young American captain. She appeared to be a very intelligent girl about eighteen years of age, who lived in a little village a few miles beyond La Palma.

On inquiring what he could do for her, she replied that she had come to tell him that a man had joined his standard who had acted as a spy for Weyler and Blanco. On his promising her not to let it be known who gave him the information she told him the fellow's name, which was Antonio Rodriguez.

Tom thanked her and she went away, but a few minutes after she left he remembered that she had not given her name. He quickly went in search of her, but she was gone, no one knew whither.

He immediately sought his lieutenant, del Pino, to whom he told the story of the girl. The lieutenant at once looked over the list of the names of the new recruits and found Rodriguez's name on it.

"Yes," he said to Tom; "here's his name."

"Well, we want to find out something about him before we take any steps in regard to this charge made against him."

"Yes," said the lieutenant; "I will inquire among the men, for I know some of them who may probably be well acquainted with him."

Inside of an hour or so the lieutenant reported to Tom that all those who knew the suspect gave him a good name, and declared that they believed him to be an earnest friend of the Cuban Republic.

When Tom heard that he felt like kicking himself for not having secured the name and address of the girl.

"I'll tell you what we must do, lieutenant," said he, "we'll take him in with the others, and keep an eye on him, and if we catch him playing us false we will make short work of him."

The next day the detachment returned with the arms and munitions for the recruits, and the suspect received his rations and revolver with the others.

On that very evening the news came, through some indefinite source, that a party of Spanish cavalry had been seen the day before at another village some twelve miles south of them. Tom tried to trace the source of the report, but was unable to do so, yet with the caution of an old veteran he sent out scouts on foot several miles on each road leading from the village.

The night passed without anything occurring of any consequence, and the next day was passed in trying to find out if there really was any Spanish cavalry in that part of the province.

By a liberal use of money, Tom succeeded in getting a half dozen horses, on which he sent out scouts to go beyond those who were on foot. Night came on again, and so great was the uncertainty of the situation that the men were ordered to sleep on their arms.

It was then that Lieutenant del Pino made the discovery that the man Rodriguez was not in camp, and he reported that fact to Tom.

"Find out when he was last seen here," Captain Taylor ordered.

"I saw him myself just before dark," said the lieutenant.

"Then find out if any of the guards have let him pass."

The lieutenant immediately went the rounds of the guards, all of whom denied that any one had passed their post.

The sentinels were then instructed to be extra vigilant in preventing any one coming or going.

But the night passed, and about daylight a couple of scouts came in at full speed, and almost out of breath, with the statement that a squadron of Spanish horse was rushing down upon the little camp.

Captain Tom immediately rallied his men, and divided them into two parties, commanded respectively by himself and the lieutenant.

"Now, men," he called out to them, "this is our first chance at the Spaniards. Each one of you hold in your hand the best weapon of the day. You must keep cool, obey orders, aim well and keep up a steady fire on the enemy as long as he is in sight, or until you are ordered to stop. No matter if they are two to our one, you can stand up and destroy their whole force before they can reach you if you keep cool and aim well."

He then led them out to an open field on the outskirts of the village, and placed his men in position, without any breastworks of any kind in front of them.

"Now, see here, men," he sang out to them again, "I have placed you here in an open field in order to tempt the enemy to charge upon you the moment they see you. If each of you can't bring down a half

pay each one ten dollars a month if the contributions he proposed to levy upon the enemy enabled him to do so. In a few days about fifty new recruits came in, and he sent a detachment back to his secret store-house for arms and ammunition for them.

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"Now, see here, men," he sang out to them again, "I have placed you here in an open field in order to tempt the enemy to charge upon you the moment they see you. If each of you can't bring down a half

dozen of the enemy with a Winchester in your hands, it will simply be your own fault, of which you should be ashamed to the day of your death. Again let me warn you to keep cool, and aim well. Shoot the riders, but not the horses; we want to get enough horses this morning to mount every man in this command."

By that time the roar of the rush of cavalry was plainly heard. A few minutes more, and the head of the squadron appeared in sight.

With the recklessness of men who had long been accustomed to ride down mobs of unarmed people, the cavalry yelled and charged furiously upon the Cubans.

"Steady now, men," sung out Captain Tom.

"Ready!"  
"Aim!"  
"Fire!"

He was extremely deliberate in giving the orders, and the men of his command stood firm as they delivered the volley.

The Spaniards tumbled out of their saddles by scores, and riderless horses went scampering in every direction over the field. Others pressed forward, and volley after volley from the Cubans met them in rapid succession. Such a murderous fire the cavalry had never met before, and in less than five minutes the survivors turned and fled without having struck a single blow.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE DEATH OF THE SPY, AND THE TRAGEDY WHICH FOLLOWED.

If the Spanish cavalry were astonished at the destructive fire of the Winchesters, the Cubans themselves were more so. In fact they were utterly dumfounded, for nearly one hundred Spaniards had gone down and lay weltering in the road, while as many riderless horses were scampering about on the outskirts of the village.

The Cubans could scarcely believe what they plainly saw, but it gradually burst upon them, and then they broke into yells such as might have been expected from so many lunatics.

Captain Taylor and Lieutenant del Pino met and shook hands in front of the line of exultant Cubans.

Suddenly Tom sung out to them:  
"We have won the day, Cubans; and won it by your keeping cool and obeying orders. To obey orders is the first duty of a soldier. Stay where you are; don't break your ranks, for they may return when we least expect it."

Then turning to the lieutenant, he ordered him to take his men and catch the horses that were running about, adding at the same time:

"I will hold the line here to protect you against a return of the enemy."

About ninety horses were secured, a dozen of which had been hit by bullets, while nearly a dozen more had gone down onto the road under the volleys that had been poured into the Spaniards.

It was the worst defeat the Spaniards had met with in that province, while not a single Cuban had been hurt—all because the cavalry undertook to ride them down without firing a shot.

The terrible fire of the Winchesters had so completely stunned them with its destructiveness that they turned and fled without once thinking of returning the fire.

Captain Taylor kept his command under arms all day, and at the same time was engaged in burying the dead, taking care of the wounded, and organizing a mounted force from the captured horses.

That mounted force was to act as scouts until the entire party should be in the saddle.

In the excitement that immediately followed the fight no one noticed that the man Rodriguez was in the ranks with his rifle, and engaged in catching the horses.

Lieutenant del Pino, on seeing him, asked:

"Where were you last night, Rodriguez?"

"I was in camp, sir," was the reply.

"How is that?" the lieutenant asked, "for when I looked for you you could not be found."

"What time did you look for me, lieutenant?"

"An hour or two after dark."

"I was out then," remarked the man.

"But where were you?"

"I went to see a friend on the other side of the village."

"How did you get past the guard?"

"I passed him in the dark, sir."

"What time did you return?"

"It was some time after midnight, sir."

"And you passed the guards in the dark again?"

"Si, Senor Lieutenant."

The lieutenant immediately placed him under guard, and reported the matter to Captain Taylor.

"Lieutenant," said the captain, "I am satisfied that fellow was the cause of the attack upon us this morning by the Spanish cavalry."

"So am I, captain," assented the lieutenant, "and I think he ought to be shot."

"Of course," said the captain. "The men must understand that this is a military organization, and that treachery will be punished according to the rules of war."

"What shall I do with him, then?" asked the lieutenant.

"Have him shot, of course."

"Shall he have a trial?"

"No; what's the use? He has acknowledged to you that he left and returned to the camp, slipping by the sentinels without their knowledge."

In the middle of the afternoon the lieutenant with a file of soldiers led the prisoner to the edge of the woods, a quarter of a mile away, and there told him that he was to be shot for slipping out of camp and communicating with the enemy.

"I have not communicated with the enemy, lieutenant," replied the fellow. "I simply went to see my sweetheart. I knew nothing about the enemy until they charged down upon us."

Nevertheless the fellow was shot and buried by his late comrades, and the file of soldiers returned to the camp. There it was told that he had been a spy, and had left camp the night before without leave of absence or passport, with the result of an attack by the enemy the next morning. News flew through the village of the execution, and a little before dark a young woman, frantic with grief, ran into the camp crying out:

"El Capitan! El Capitan!"

She was led by some of the soldiers into the presence of the young captain, where she cried out:

"Capitan, is it true that Antonio Rodriguez has been shot?"

"It is true, senorita; he betrayed us to the enemy last night."

"Not so—not so, capitan!" she cried, wringing her hands. "It was a horrible, horrible mistake; he was a good and true man! We were engaged to be married, and last night he came to see me, and we sat out under the stars until long past midnight, for he did not know how soon he would have to march away with you—and now he is dead. Oh, my Antonio!" and she wrung her hands in a paroxysm of grief.

Captain Tom turned pale as death. He half suspected that a terrible mistake had been made.

Turning to the young girl he said:

"Senorita, your lover may have been true to the cause of Cuba, but he had passed from the camp in the darkness of night, slipping by the guards without their knowledge. That itself was a crime for which he deserved to suffer, but I was told by another young and beautiful senorita that he was a spy for Blanco."

"She told you that?" she cried, springing up, glaring wildly at the young captain.

"Si, senorita. Three days ago she came here and warned us that Antonio Rodriguez was a spy, and when he slipped away from the camp last night we believed that her charge was true."

"Senor Capitan, I know her. She is Nina Martinez; she loved him, too, and has tried long to win him away from me. Senor Capitan, she shall die, too," and with that she darted away with the speed of a fawn, leaving the young captain in a state of mind far from pleasant.

"Lieutenant," said Captain Tom to del Pino, "I fear that poor Rodriguez was the victim of a jealous woman."

"It may be, captain," replied the lieutenant; "but he left the camp last night without permission."

"Yes, yes," assented Tom. "I'm sorry it happened."

The next morning after the visit of the young girl to the camp, the news came of a terrible tragedy at a little cottage on the roadside, a couple of miles beyond the village, where a young woman had rushed into the house and stabbed to death another about her own age.

Young Captain Taylor, when he heard it, understood it all, and deeply regretted that he had been in a way, though innocently, connected with the causes that led up to it.

During the day a Spanish cavalryman was captured in the woods near where the fight took place by some of the scouts. When he was brought in Tom shook hands with him, saying:

"I'm glad to see you. I want to send you to Havana with a note to the captain-general," and he instructed the lieutenant to keep charge of the prisoner and to prepare the letter he wished to send to Blanco.

Half an hour later the letter was ready, and Tom handed it to the prisoner, saying as he did so:

"When you give this to the captain-general, just say to him that you saw me, the letter will do the rest."

Then turning to the lieutenant, he instructed him to see that the prisoner was mounted and started on his way unmolested by any of the Cuban forces.

Scarcely had the lieutenant departed on his mission, ere an old man, whose hair and beard were white as snow, appeared

before the young captain, leading by the hand the most beautiful young girl he had ever beheld.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEXT WEEK! "A PAPER OF HIS OWN; OR, HOW PHIL BRIGHT BECAME AN EDITOR," BY C. LITTLE.

## Answers to Correspondents.

### To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 29 West 26th Street, New York."

### NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

HORSEMAN.—We have just published the postage stamp flirtation; you can find it in No. 197 of this paper in answer to "F. A. J."

TALL BILL.—There is no premium on the United States 3-cent pieces of 1852-'53. 2 A United States dollar of 1799 is quoted at from \$1.15 to \$1.50. 3 A Hebrew shekel equals about 54 1-2 cents in our money.

H. E. B.—There are dealers in all large cities who buy and sell stamps and coins. We cannot publish their names and addresses in this column. You can find such addresses published in the advertising columns of any philatelic paper.

A. J. MAX.—There is no premium on a dime of 1823. 2 We cannot say what premium there is on the shilling you mention, as you do not sufficiently describe it. If you refer to an English shilling of 1865, it bears no premium; its exchange value is about twenty-four cents in our money.

SAM.—The story "Smart and Sharp; or, in Business on Wheels," by Sam Smiley, was published in Nos. 161 to 172 of this paper; the complete story will cost you sixty cents, postage free. 2 We cannot supply any numbers of HAPPY DAYS from No. 1 to 134 inclusive, as they are out of print. 3 The Oregon is considered the best battle ship in the United States Navy, although the Iowa is a trifle longer. The Oregon, Massachusetts and Indiana are sister ships.

LEIF THE BIKER.—We have no recipe for making black bicycle enamel. You can buy it for from fifteen to twenty-five cents per can already prepared; this is much cheaper than you could make it in small quantities, and it is fully guaranteed to do the work satisfactorily. 2 We cannot make any alteration in the manner of making up this paper. 3 You can take a four years' course at Yale, Harvard, or any of the leading colleges, and if you are very economical you might get through with from \$2,000 to \$2,500. This includes the tuition fee, books, board and clothes for the whole term.

HAPPY DAYS READER.—In asking questions to be answered in this column, you must take into consideration that two numbers of this paper are already printed when your questions are received, consequently we omit answering all questions relating to the contents of HAPPY DAYS that would be published before your answers would appear in print. You can find the answer to your question in No. 197 of this paper, issued on July 9th. 2 The story you inquire about is founded on facts, which are written up in an interesting and attractive style. The mere narrative of facts would be very short and uninteresting to the general reader. 3 His grade and name is Rear Admiral William T. Sampson.

HOTEL WILLIAM.—"Buffalo Bill" (Wm. F. Cody) was born in Iowa in 1845; he is still living. 2 We cannot say where Jesse James obtained his horse, Siroc. 3 Jim Cummins seems to have sunk out of existence during the last few years. We cannot say whether he is living or dead. 4 The New York Baseball Club won the League pennant in the years 1888-'89. 5 The word "dank" signifies moisture, humidity—also is the name of a small coin of Persia. 6 The five largest cities in the world are London, New York, Paris, Berlin and Canton. 7 We cannot find any record of the tug-of-war match you refer to, but will try and find out and publish in a future number. 8 The college 8-oared boat race was won in 1894-'95 by Yale. Cornell was not entered.

J. J. M.—You can study medicine under the direction of a competent physician, who will designate the best books to study, but you will have to take several terms at a College of Medicine so as to graduate and receive a diploma, without which you could not practice. Consult some good physician, who will advise you as to the best course to pursue. You may be able to get some works on medicine at Pratt's Institute Library, or at the Brooklyn Library, but we cannot say whether you can get the necessary books required in the first study of medicine. The New York Academy of Medicine, Borough of Manhattan, has a library of forty thousand volumes, which are free to members. We do know of any place where you can study medicine evenings free of charge.

(For additional correspondents see 15th page.)

## A LITTLE FUN.

Languid Luke—Wot did ye do wid de watch ye swiped? Lazy Lawrence—Trowed it away. "Whaffur? Wan't it no good?" "It was good 'nuff, but it run down an' wouldn't go without windin' agin."

The Mother—I want to buy a dog for my little girl. Is that fierce-looking animal of yours really fond of children? The Dog Fancier—He is indeed, mum. He came near eating two of my little ones yesterday.

"Do you expect to get a chainless bicycle?" "No, I've been in training to get along without one." "In training? What do you mean?" "I've worn my last year's straw hat all right, and I guess I'll be able now to go it one season behind the wheel styles."

During a severe thunderstorm, Donald, aged seven, was told to remember that God watched over him and would not let him be harmed. "That's all very well," retorted the embryo man, "but in such a storm as this God hasn't time to think of little boys."

Traveler (in country town)—What's the matter with the people of this place? Is there some sort of an epidemic raging here? I see that nearly everybody has wads of cotton stuffed into their ears. Native—No, they ain't nothin' the matter with us specially. This is our brass band's regular night for practicin'.

Davis has just purchased a house on Long Island. The other day Perry dropped into his office and found him swinging Indian clubs and with a pair of dumb-bells at his feet. "Ah," said Perry, "getting ready for carrying home bundles?" "No," replied Davis; "for people that make fun of the bundles."

Banks—I see that somebody has invented a sail which will enable a bicycle to run before the wind at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Harper—Geel! Wouldn't that come in handy if somebody could turn in now and invent a contrivance of some kind to make the wind occasionally blow in the direction a person wants to ride.

"Here's a case," she exclaimed, indignantly, looking up from her paper, "of a man who actually had the nerve to put his wife on an allowance of ten cents a day!" "What did she do with it all?" he asked absent-mindedly. It was several hours before she felt that she was calm enough to discuss matters with him dispassionately.

"Mistah Pinkley," said Miss Miami Brown, "what is dis here diplomacy?" "Well, I dunno whethuh I kin transparyfy de question so's you'll see froo it. But ef de lan'lord come 'roun' foh de rent, an' I says I ain't gwinter pay it, why, I gits put out. But ef I tells 'im ter come 'roun' nex' week, an' nex' week tells 'im ter come 'roun' ag'in, an' so on, dat's diplomacy."

## INTERESTING ITEMS.

Adolph Toepperwein, San Antonio's marvelous young rifle shot, has just performed another of his astonishing feats. With a .22-caliber rifle he stood at a distance of twenty feet from a double thickness of heavy paper, about three feet long by two feet wide, and shot on it the outlines of an Indian's head. It took exactly 162 shots to do the trick. It was a free-hand drawing, as the figure was not traced on the paper beforehand. This made the feat especially difficult, as "Tep" had to place every shot with reference to where its predecessor had gone, and where all the following shots were to go. In other words, he had to have every detail of the "drawing" planned out and constantly in his mind's eye while he was shooting. One shot fired a fraction of an inch wild would have spoiled the whole picture.

In connection with the present great national crisis, it is of interest to note that April is the fateful month of American history. The War of the Revolution began in that month, the battle of Lexington having been fought on April 19. Washington was inaugurated and our constitutional government began April 30, 1789. The War of 1812 was declared formally on the 19th of June, but the first important act of our government which preceded and led to it was the act passed April 4, laying an embargo for ninety days on all British vessels in American ports. The occupation of Mexico by this country began in the fall of 1845, but the first blood actually shed in the Mexican War was on April 26, from which date the military history of the conflict really begins. The Black Hawk, Cherokee and Seminole Wars were declared in April. The firing on Fort Sumter, which ushered in the Civil War, was on April 2, 1861, and Lee surrendered at Appomattox, four years later, on April 9, 1865. Lincoln was assassinated April 14. War was declared with Spain on April 25 of the present year, and Matanzas was bombarded April 27th.

An interesting illustration of natural engineering is the well known heavy dyke on the Holland coast, which was built by the winds themselves. The sand, formed between the jetties, becoming dry in sunny weather, and the surface blown ashore on the wind blowing in that direction, it was desired to build a strong dyke to connect with the sand dunes, and this was accomplished by setting in the sand, in rows about one foot apart, tufts of dune sea grass near by. The tufts thus placed, consisting simply of little handfuls of grass, were put, each one, into a cavity dug out with the hands, the tuft being set into this and the sand pressed around. The whole surface of the dry, sandy beach above high tide was covered with this plantation, and just back of it, at the highest point of the existing sandy area, one or two rows of reeds were set in the sand, their tops cut off and the stalks left standing about four feet above the sand—the latter drifting along over the surface, catching and in one day almost burying the tufts of grass and standing up one foot along the row of reeds; then another plantation being made, and another, a massive dyke was thus built up to the height of the adjoining dyke. In high storm tides the waves eat into the toe of the slope and pull down the sand, but by the same process of building the dyke is again restored to its former size.

## A Prayer for Native Land.

God of our land and State,  
To Thee we consecrate  
Our manhood's might!  
Help us like those to be—  
Our fathers brave and free,  
Who made our history,  
Firm for the right!

Fill us with patriotic zeal,  
To raise a grand ideal  
In freedom's cause!  
Make greed and cunning less,  
Inspire unselfishness,  
Let brotherhood express  
Its love in laws!

Create a purpose strong  
To righten every wrong  
From shore to shore!  
To stand by public trust,  
By conscience clear and just,  
By scorn of sordid lust  
For spoils and power!

Bless Church and press and school,  
In all our rulers rule,  
Feed our fair fame!  
Heal every social sore,  
Blend hearts of rich and poor,  
Uplift us to adore  
And fear Thy name!

C. LITTLE'S NEW STORY BEGINS IN THE  
NEXT NUMBER. DON'T FAIL TO READ  
IT.

[This story commenced in No. 193.]

## Dewey's Cabin Boy:

OR,

### THE HERO OF THE FLEET.

A Story of the Great Battle in  
Manila Bay.

By H. K. SHACKLEFORD.

Author of "The Busy Bats," "From  
Printer to President," "A Wall  
Street Lamb," "Lucky Luke,"  
"The Nine of Nineveh," etc.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### A NARROW ESCAPE FOR JACK.

FOR a few moments Jack was appalled at finding himself and his escort almost surrounded by a party of Spanish soldiers. In front, to the right and to the left were Mauser rifles and the stern faces of Spaniards; only in the rear, the way he had just come, was there any opening for escape, and even that seemed utterly hopeless.

But he had a horror of falling into the hands of the Spanish authorities, for recent events had developed the fact that they were extremely anxious to make way with him. A single glance was enough to satisfy him of the peril of the situation, but like the brave, fearless lad that he was, he preferred to die fighting to being led out and shot like a dog.

Just then came a hoarse demand from the bushes to surrender. For reply Jack drew his revolver and fired right into the face of the Spaniard who was glaring at him from the bushes, some ten feet away.

The Spaniard dropped instantly, and his comrades were evidently so astonished at his audacity that some ten or fifteen seconds elapsed ere they recovered from it. By that time Jack was cool and calculating, for he dropped to the ground just as a volley burst from both sides; the Mauser bullets whistled over him. Many of the natives were hit, and half a dozen killed. The Spaniards themselves fared as badly, for the natives, taking his single pistol shot as a signal to fire, blazed away with deadly effect.

An instant or two after the volley Jack sprang to his feet and dashed straight at the enemy, passing through their lines, and, to his great joy, found that the way was clear beyond.

The natives followed him, exchanging shots with the Spaniards as they ran. It was all over with inside of a couple of minutes, for the enemy dared not pursue them far in that direction.

"Come on!" called Jack to the young officer, who had kept close at his side. "Tell your men not to stop to fire."

They dashed on through the bushes, the young native officer calling loudly to his men to follow him. Presently the way became more open and they could travel faster, and a little later they struck the road leading to Cavite, and increased their speed to a full run.

They passed on half a mile or so, when the great heat forced Jack to reduce his speed to a walk.

"We are clear of them now," he remarked to the young native officer.

"Si, senor," was the reply. "They won't follow us this way."

"I was surprised to find them out

there," said Jack. "It must have been a party of scouts or sharpshooters. Better see how many of your men are hurt."

The young officer turned and counted his force, ascertained that seven were missing, while some eight or ten others were wounded, most of them slightly, but two of them were bleeding so copiously that Jack feared they would not be able to get to the fort.

Taking his handkerchief he tore it into strips, and tried to bandage the wounds so as to stop the flow of blood, after which he ordered the others to assist them to the fort.

A little farther on he was halted by the sentries stationed by the lieutenant in charge of the arsenal and fort.

"We are friends," called out Jack.

"Advance, friends, and give the countersign," came from one of the sentries.

"I haven't got it," said Jack. "I've been away three days. I am the commodore's cabin boy. Call the corporal of the guard."

The corporal of the guard was called, who quickly recognized the cabin boy, and ordered the guard to let them pass.

"Where have you been?" the corporal asked of Jack, as he escorted him towards the fort.

"I've been out there with Aguinaldo," he replied, "and we ran into a party of bushwhackers, losing seven of our men, besides those you see wounded there. They must go to the hospital to have their wounds dressed, for they are as brave fellows as ever pulled a trigger."

"Have you been in that fighting out there?"

"Yes."

"Which whipped?"

"Aguinaldo," he replied, "for he has captured not less than a thousand Spaniards in the last twenty-four hours."

"The deuce he has! That's good work."

"Yes," returned Jack. "All they need is good officers and discipline."

When they came in sight of the fort the lieutenant in command saw Jack and his party, which now numbered about forty, and went forward to meet him.

"What's the matter, Jack?" the officer asked.

"We were fired into by the Spaniards as we were coming through the bushes."

"You are not hurt, are you?" the lieutenant asked.

"No, but we lost seven men besides those wounded. Do you think the surgeons will take them in the hospitals and dress their wounds?"

"Of course they will. No surgeon will refuse to dress a man's wounds," and he turned to a sergeant and ordered him to conduct the wounded men to the hospital.

"How is the fight going out there?" the lieutenant asked of Jack.

"It's going against the Spaniards, who have lost a thousand prisoners within the last twenty-four hours, to say nothing of the killed and wounded. Aguinaldo forced the garrison in that old convent to surrender after killing and wounding nearly half of them, and he has sent me to the commodore with a message, which I must deliver just as soon as I can get aboard the flag-ship."

The lieutenant was very much surprised at the news, and asked many questions, among others one as to the force that Aguinaldo had with him.

"I have no idea, lieutenant, as to what his force is, as they are all about in the woods where it was impossible for me to see but a hundred or two at a time; but they seemed to be everywhere. There must be several thousand of them. Aguinaldo says he can capture the city if the commodore will permit him to do so."

"He can't do it," said the lieutenant, shaking his head.

"I don't know," returned Jack. "He is a good general, and his followers don't seem to realize the danger they are in when confronting the Mauser rifles. While thousands of them are unarmed, they have yet secured some twelve or fifteen hundred rifles in the last three days which they captured from the enemy. They have two field pieces, but they don't know much about handling artillery. I had to aim the guns for them myself; and after giving the enemy a few shells which exploded within the building, they were glad enough to give up."

"How is it that these natives have come here with you?"

"Aguinaldo sent them to see me safely back to you again; and I would be glad if you could give them rations and let them stay until they can see their way clear to return."

"Of course," said the lieutenant, "we couldn't refuse them that."

By that time they had entered the fort, where the lieutenant ordered a boat to be made ready to convey Jack to the flag-ship. It was ready to start in a few minutes, and a little over half an hour after starting they reached the side of the Olympia, where Captain Lamberton greeted Jack with a welcome, and a query as to where he had been.

"Oh, I've been in all that racket out there for three days," said Jack, as he

reached the deck of the ship, "where I saw some of the hottest fighting you ever heard of. Excuse me, captain, but I must see the commodore at once."

"You will find him in his cabin, writing."

Jack at once repaired to the cabin, where he rapped on the door of the commodore's private room.

"Come in," called a voice within.

Jack opened the door, and entered.

The commodore was sitting at a little table, where he had been writing for an hour or two.

"Ah! you've come back, have you?" greeted the commodore.

"Ay, sir; I have brought you a message from General Aguinaldo."

"Indeed; let me hear what it is."

Jack at once proceeded to tell the story of the fighting he had witnessed, explaining the situation as he went along, in order that the commodore might fully understand the insurgent chief's message when he reached it.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### JACK AND THE COMMODORE—LONG TOM'S STORY OF ONE OF THE CABIN BOY'S CAPTORS.

COMMODORE DEWEY listened quietly for nearly half an hour to his cabin boy's narrative, without once interrupting him, after which he said:

"Jack, my boy, you have a far better head on your shoulders than I was aware of. You have done a wonderful service, not only in aiding Aguinaldo in his operations, but in explaining to him why I cannot permit him to capture the city before American troops arrive. How in the world have you managed to become so thoroughly posted on the situation?"

"Simply from what I've seen, sir," he replied, "as well as what I've heard on board ship. I have never tried to listen to anything that was said by the officers, but what I did hear I thought over, and tried to understand. I told the general that I was not authorized to speak for you nor anybody else, and simply gave him my opinion as to why you would not permit him to take the city before the arrival of our army; yet somehow he has the impression that I was sent out there by you to see what was going on, and in some way render moral support to the insurgent cause."

A broad smile illumined the commodore's face, who remarked:

"You were singularly diplomatic in all you said," said he.

"I tried to be so, sir," returned Jack, "for I didn't wish to be considered an impostor by the general, or to say or do anything that would make a bad impression upon the minds of himself and his officers."

"What do you think of Aguinaldo?" the commodore asked.

"I think he is a great general in his way, for he has been successful in every move he has made. It is probable, though, that the destruction of the Spanish fleet, and the knowledge that an American army is coming to their assistance, has inspired all of his followers with the hope and courage that makes them utterly fearless. I believe that if the chief were to undertake to capture the city he would get it inside of three days, although it would cost him a frightful loss of life," and then he related a number of incidents illustrating the fighting qualities of Aguinaldo's men, adding as he finished:

"Every prisoner captured would have been macheted had not Aguinaldo forbid it. Their hatred of the Spaniards seems to be one of the great passions of the natives, on account of the two or three centuries of oppression of which they have been made the victims."

"Undoubtedly," assented the commodore, "and yet they seem to be a mild and gentle race ordinarily."

"They are," said Jack, "for they are peace-loving, easy going, careless kind of people, who, when they have satisfied their hunger care for nothing else but cock-fighting."

Jack remained for nearly an hour with the commodore, after which he went to his quarters for a change of clothes and a few hours' sleep. When he appeared on deck again he had a thousand questions to answer, propounded to him by the various officers of the ship.

"You've been having more fun than any of us," remarked Lieutenant Calkins.

"Yes, sir; I enjoyed it at times, but I can tell you that the heat out there in those woods is something awful. It looks cool enough from the deck here, for one naturally expects to find a refreshing coolness in the shade of the trees, but the foliage is so dense that one fails to get a breeze such as we have sweeping across the water."

From the deck he passed below to see the old bo'son, whom he regarded, next to the commodore, as his best friend in the fleet. The old bo'son grasped his hand, shifted a huge quid of tobacco, and asked: "What have you been doing ashore, lad?"

"Having fun with the Spaniards," he replied, and then he again told the story of his adventures on shore.

"Well! Well! Well!" ejaculated the bo'son. "So you gave your girl to another, eh?"

"Ay, sir. Why shouldn't I? I didn't want her myself."

"Tut, tut, my boy. When you have made a few more voyages about the world you will fall into the ways of sailors and have a wife in every port."

"Not much I won't," laughed Jack. "It's only the sailors of the merchant marine who do that sort of thing; for the men in the navy can't go ashore whenever they please and frolic around in every port. I captured a prize out there that I'd rather have than all the girls on the island."

"What was that, mate?"

"It was a leather belt filled with Spanish doubloons."

"Good!" exclaimed the old bo'son. "How did you get it?"

"Found it on the body of a dead officer; and I guess it must be worth nearly a thousand dollars; so when we capture the city, and everything is quiet, we'll have a little celebration."

"All right, mate, and we won't make fools of ourselves, either. Wish I could run up against a thing like that myself."

"If you want any money, Bo'son, you can have it."

"No, lad, I have a few shots in my locker yet, which I'm saving for a cruise on shore when I receive my discharge. We all grow old, you know, when we can't work; so if a sea-faring man has saved enough to buy a snug berth somewhere in a safe harbor he has done a wise thing."

"So he has," assented Jack; "but it seems to me that it'll be many years yet before you will be too old to serve as a bo'son."

During the evening the old bo'son took Jack down into the forecabin, where he again told the story of his adventures on shore to the marines, all of whom envied him his good fortune and the fun he had had.

Many of them asked him what the message was he brought from Aguinaldo.

"That I can't tell you, mates," he said, "for were I to do so the commodore might order me to be scuttled."

Among the men listening to his story in the forecabin was a tall marine known as Long Tom, who was with Jack in the thicket in the rear of the arsenal at the time the latter was captured by the giant Philippino, and he was the most interested listener of the group. He had seen the young girl who had rescued Jack from his captors, and declared her to be the most beautiful of all the native Philipinos he had seen.

"Mate," said he, addressing Jack, "are you dead sure the chief had that black giant shot?"

"Yes," he replied, "though I didn't see it; but I know that when the chief gives an order it is very quickly obeyed. I heard him order the fellow to be shot, and I'd be willing to gamble that he was."

"Well," said Long Tom, "I went ashore yesterday and saw one of the men who was with him at work around the arsenal, with a lot of others who had been employed in cleaning the place out."

"You must be mistaken," said Jack.

"I don't think I am, mate, for I'm pretty good at recollecting faces. If it wasn't the one he was so near like him that no one could tell the difference."

"Maybe all coons look alike to you," laughed Jack.

"Avast there, now, mate!" exclaimed Long Tom, as the others laughed at him. "Those Philipinos are not coons."

"Well, if they are not," said Jack, "they look very much like them in the dark."

"But I didn't see him in the dark; and I tell you it was the same fellow."

"Well, if it is true he ought not to be allowed to work around the arsenal, as he may be playing the part of a spy. I will go out there to-morrow, and take a look at him."

"That's it," said the boatswain; "for if he is, he ought to be arrested and shot."

When Jack retired to his berth that night, he lay awake for some time thinking of what Long Tom had told him.

"It seems strange to me," he said to himself, "that if that fellow had sought refuge at the arsenal, to escape the vengeance of Aguinaldo, it was a strange thing for him to do, for he ought to know that I would run across him some day and recognize him. I can't help but think that Tom has made a mistake, but I will find out to-morrow when I go ashore and take a look at him."

The next day when he came on deck, Jack could still hear firing going on in the woods.

"They're still at it," he said. "That Aguinaldo seems to be relentless in his efforts to down the Spaniards, and who can blame him?"

Soon after breakfast, when the surgeons went ashore, Jack obtained permission to accompany them. He reported to the lieutenant at the fort as soon as he arrived.

"What are you after now?" the lieutenant asked.

"I came ashore to look at one of the natives you have employed around the arsenal here."

"What's the matter with him?" the lieutenant asked.

"I don't know, sir; that's what I want to find out. Long Tom told me last night that one of the fellows here was in the party that captured me the other day, and I wanted to see for myself if it was true; for if it is he must be a spy."

"Why, yes, I should think so. Wait awhile and I'll go out with you."

After conferring with the surgeons for awhile, the lieutenant said he was ready to go, and together they repaired to the arsenal, where, under charge of the sergeant, nearly a dozen natives were engaged in cleaning out the old building, removing from it a lot of old debris that had accumulated there. As they entered the arsenal the lieutenant asked the sergeant if all the hands were at work.

"Yes, sir," he replied, whereupon Jack and the lieutenant proceeded to stroll over to where a party of natives were engaged at work.

Just as they reached the corner where four of them were filling some baskets, one of the natives was seen to take to his heels and run at full speed to the rear exit. The others stopped work and gazed after him as though very much surprised at his actions.

He was gone in a flash, ere Jack or the lieutenant got a view of his face.

"I'll bet that's the fellow," said Jack.

"I haven't a doubt of it," returned the officer, "and I'm sorry that I didn't fire at him, but I'll tell the sergeant to arrest him if he returns here again and hold him for identification."

The lieutenant called up the sergeant, and told him how one of the men had run out as he and Jack approached.

"If he returns," he said, "have him arrested and report to me."

"All right, sir," said the sergeant, saluting his officer, who at once retired with the cabin boy.

"You had better remain quietly inside the fort to-day, Jack," said he, "for I think that fellow will come back."

Jack returned to the fort with the lieutenant, where he spent an hour or so answering questions and telling his experiences while out with the insurgent chief. Then he went through the hospital to see the wounded natives who had come in with him the day before.

They were all glad to see him, and were apparently very grateful for what had been done for them. The young native officer had gone away the night before to rejoin Aguinaldo, after having instructed the wounded ones to follow as soon as they were able to do so.

While he was in the hospital talking to one of the surgeons a marine came hastily towards him, saying:

"The lieutenant wishes to see you in the fort, sir."

Jack excused himself to the surgeon, and hurried away with the marine to report to the lieutenant.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### CONCLUSION.

ON entering the officer's quarters Jack saw the sergeant and two marines guarding a native prisoner. He looked at the prisoner with a scrutinizing glance, and saw a face which he didn't recognize at all. His left eye had a squint, and the right side of his mouth was nearly an inch higher than the left side.

"Jack, do you know that fellow?" the lieutenant asked.

The cabin boy gazed at him again for the space of a minute or two, after which he said:

"I can't say that I do, lieutenant."

The lieutenant noticed a broad grin on the face of the sergeant, and asked him:

"What's the matter, sergeant?"

"He's got his face twisted out of shape, sir."

"The deuce he has!" exclaimed the officer, gazing intently at the face of the black.

"Do you mean to say that he has twisted his mouth in that shape and squinted his eye?"

"Yes, sir," answered the sergeant.

The officer burst into a regular horse laugh, in which Jack joined him; but the Philippino stood there looking solemn as an owl, with his mouth stretched across his face at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

Jack laughed until the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Just keep him there, sergeant," ordered the lieutenant. "I want to see just how long he can keep that face on him," and the officer took a seat in front of the man and watched him for nearly half an hour.

"He's a good one," he chuckled, "and if he can keep up that face all day I'll ship him to a dime museum in New York."

Another half hour passed, and the stoical old fellow remained just the same.

"Say, Jack," he said, "go over to the

hospital and ask one of the surgeons to come over."

Jack hurried away, but returned in about ten minutes, accompanied by one of the surgeons.

"Doctor," said the officer, "what do you think of that face?"

The doctor looked at the prisoner steadily for a couple of minutes, and asked:

"What's the matter with him?"

"That's what I want to find out," answered the officer. "I've had him arrested on suspicion, and sent for Jack to identify him as one of his recent captors, which he is unable to do. The sergeant, though, says that the fellow is squinting, and has elevated one corner of his mouth and lowered the other to avoid identification."

The doctor looked at the fellow again and began to laugh.

"I guess the sergeant is right," said he. "Is there no way to get his mouth back in its natural shape?"

"None that I know of, except to keep a watch on him, for it takes a wonderful endurance for a man to keep his mouth twisted in that condition any length of time, though a squint of the eye is an easy matter. How long have you had him here?"

"About an hour."

"Well, that's pretty good," chuckled the doctor. "What's the fellow been doing?"

"He was one of Jack's captors the other day, but he has been working with a number of others cleaning out the arsenal."

"Keep a watch on him," said the doctor, "or else tickle him and make him laugh."

"Where's the best place to tickle him?"

"Well, you might try him all over his anatomy; some people are more easy to tickle than others. Most people can be easily tickled by a straw or feather on the soles of their feet, though it would have no effect on one who has been going bare-footed all his life, as he has."

The doctor then returned to the hospital, where he reported the case to his brother surgeons, each of whom came in to look at him. They sent for wine and cigars and passed a jolly hour, laughing at the fellow, who all the time remained solemn as an owl.

Finally one of the doctors asked the lieutenant:

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Keep him for identification, or else start a museum with him."

Then turning to Jack, he asked:

"Can you see no resemblance at all to one of your captors?"

"Very little, lieutenant, except his size and build. If you have an interpreter, you might get something out of the others to establish his identity."

"Nobody can identify him but you," said the officer, "as one of your captors. I am satisfied from what the sergeant says that he is making that face."

"I'd swear that he is, sir," said the sergeant.

Finally one of the doctors undertook to use a small sharp-pointed stick in an effort to tickle the fellow, who was naked to his waist, wearing a breech clout; but the prisoner stood like a stump—never moved or changed a muscle of his face.

"You'll have to identify him when he is asleep," laughed the doctor, "for then his face will resume its natural shape."

"Sergeant," said the officer, "place him in the guard-room, with two sentinels to watch him all the time," and the prisoner was led away to one of the compartments that was used as a guard-room, and a couple of marines were placed in charge of him with instructions what to do.

In the afternoon Jack returned on board the flag-ship, and reported to the commodore and the officers about the arrest of the native. They were very much amused.

"I doubt, though," said the commodore, "that he is a spy, for while the natives make splendid guides, it takes a very intelligent one to be a spy."

The next morning Jack went ashore again and found that the lieutenant had drugged some liquor which had been given the prisoner, who was then sound asleep.

"That's the fellow," said Jack, as he took a look at him. "I'd know him in any part of the world."

"You're sure of that?" the officer asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Then I will report the case to the commodore, and ask for instructions."

He did so, and the commodore instructed him to turn the prisoner over to Aguinaldo to be dealt with as he saw proper.

"Let me deliver him to the general, lieutenant?" asked Jack.

"I'm afraid to risk any of the marines out there in those woods, for they might run into a body of Spaniards. I will send one of those slightly wounded men through with a note to the general, asking him to send a force after the prisoner."

The next day two of the wounded natives in the hospital were sufficiently recovered from their injuries to return to their duties. Through an interpreter he told them what he wished to have them do, asking if they would perform the service.

They said they would be glad to serve the Americans.

He then gave them a note to the insurgent chief, with a statement that the prisoner was one of the captors of the commodore's cabin boy the week before.

They waited until night, and then slipped away through the bushes, after having been passed through the line by the officer of the guard.

Two days later, the young officer who had come through with Jack when he left the headquarters of the insurgent chief, was halted by the pickets with a body of one hundred armed natives at his back.

He had come for the prisoner, who went away with him, carrying his wry face and squinting eye.

A day or two later a vessel from Hong Kong reached the fleet with a heavy mail for the officers and men. Jack received letters from his mother and friends, together with the home paper, which contained an extract from the commodore's letter to her, in which he stated that Jack was well, and was considered by officers and men, as one of the real heroes of the fleet, by reason of splendid services rendered at critical moments, and that, too, in positions to which he had not been assigned, but became involved by unexpected development of circumstances.

He still remains with the fleet, serving the commodore as cabin boy, who has declared to him that his promotion as admiral will also pave the way for a higher position for himself in the service of his country.

[THE END.]

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS THE LAST COUPON OF THE 4th FOUR WEEKS' BICYCLE CONTEST. SEE DATE ON 8th PAGE WHEN ALL COUPONS MUST REACH US.

[This story commenced in No. 194.]

## Young Bob Sampson

OR,

## Afloat With the Fighting Admiral.

By C. LITTLE,

Author of "The Gold Queen," "The Boy Diplomat," "The Senator's Secretary," "Young Thomas T.," "The Prince of the Prairie," etc.

### CHAPTER XXII.

BOB SEES GENERAL GOMEZ.

"DICK, we are lost unless we can take to the water! That alone can save us! Quick! Decide! What do you say?"

"It's got to be, Bob. I can't swim like you, but I'll do my best," was Dick Danvers' reply.

"Then run for it! Make for the shore and jump in off the bluff! Never mind the shots! If we are hit that ends it all!"

Leading the way, Young Bob Sampson ran for his life through the underbrush, reached the edge of the low bluff, and boldly dove into the sea.

Dick followed him. Shots came whirling after them by the dozen. The Spaniards shouted for them to stop, but they paid no heed.

It was life or death, and doubtless it would have been the latter if the Spaniards had been a little more observant.

Following their usual ship-shod methods, the enemy, as soon as they saw the boys leap from the bluff, assumed that they would be drowned or that the sharks would get them, and retreated up the hill, disappearing among the palm groves beyond.

But Bob and Dick were very far from dead. Bob was doing his usual wonderful swimming under water. He kept hold of Dick and helped him all he could, and the result was that after coming up twice for breath, they were able to land further along the shore.

With their rifles gone, and their strength, too, they crawled up upon the shore.

"By gracious, this is a bad job!" sighed Dick. "What are we to do now?"

Bob thought it a question mighty hard to decide, and said so.

General Gomez's messenger was dead perhaps, and at all events entirely beyond their reach; they were cut off from the flag-ship and matters looked serious enough.

"There's nothing for it but to get back to the ship if we can," said Dick.

"Not until the dispatches are delivered," said Bob, firmly. "I've come out to do this job and I mean to put it through if it takes a leg."

"All very well to say, Bob, but how is it to be done? There's no sense in being fool-hardy over it."

"Wait," said Bob. "I don't know why I say it, but something seems to tell me that the way will open up if we—hal! What's that?"

A man had suddenly appeared on the shore at some little distance from them. He was an elderly man with white hair and beard, and wore the uniform of an officer in the Cuban service.

He turned toward the boys and surveyed them intently, then turning on his heels, disappeared among the bushes.

"Heavens and earth, Dick! I do you know that man?" gasped Bob.

"Know him? No! How should I know him?" said Dick. "He's a high Cuban officer, though—any one can see that."

"It's General Gomez himself!"

"What—what? Do you really believe it?"

"Believe it! I know it! I've seen his picture too many times to be deceived."

And right or wrong, Bob was given immediate opportunity to prove his assertion, for immediately the Cuban officer reappeared, mounted on a fine horse, and accompanied by some twenty mounted men.

They rode rapidly along the beach, and had surrounded the boys in a moment.

Bob and Dick saluted.

"Is this Admiral Sampson's dispatch bearer?" demanded the Cuban officer, with marked accent.

"I am from Admiral Sampson," replied Bob, half trembling for the result. "May I ask—"

"I am General Gomez," interrupted the great Cuban leader, for the officer was no one else. "I saw the attack on my messenger from the top of yonder hill and your brave retreat also. We rode down here to meet you. Give me the dispatches, boy."

Bob handed them over and they were hurriedly perused by General Gomez, who then dismounted and hastily wrote a few lines, enclosed the message in an envelope and handed it to Bob.

"In ten minutes a boat will be here to take you back to the New York," he said. "You will convey my best respects to Admiral Sampson and hand him my dispatch. Young man, what is your name?"

"Bob Sampson, sir, and this is Dick Danvers, one of the midshipmen of the New York."

"I am pleased to meet you both," replied General Gomez, extending his hand, "and I trust I may meet you again in Santiago at no distant day. Adios, gentlemen. Look out for the boat."

Having said this the Cuban leader sprang upon his horse and rode away accompanied by his staff.

In due time the boat came, pulled by two stout Cubans, and the boys were rowed out to the flag-ship.

Thus the mission which opened so disastrously turned out happily, and Young Bob Sampson's mission was accomplished to the complete satisfaction of his chief.

Day followed day, each bringing its work and its minor triumphs for the United States fleet, until at last the day came when the vast company of transports conveying the invading army arrived.

Young Bob Sampson saw them come up, of course.

With Nettie Browning he stood on the deck of the New York, and saw the great naval procession slowly wending its way to shoreward.

Then followed the landing and the battles—exciting days there, whose events we should like nothing better than to detail if space would permit, but we must pass on to other and more important matters, for Bob had another secret service mission on hand.

"Once more, Bob," said the admiral, meeting our hero on deck one evening. "Are you ready for the most dangerous mission you have had yet?"

"Always ready, sir," replied Bob, promptly.

"Perhaps you are not fully aware of the nature of the work," replied Admiral Sampson, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm.

"It makes no difference how dangerous it is," said Bob. "I'm ready just the same."

"Well, then, here's your work. I want you and Danvers to run up to Santiago and see what you can learn about Admiral Cervera's plans."

"To Santiago!" gasped Bob.

Naturally, he was rather taken aback by the coolness of the request.

As well might the admiral have asked him to put his head in a lion's mouth.

But this made no difference in the boy's reply.

"All right, sir, I'm ready to go any time," said Bob.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### INTO THE LION'S MOUTH.

LATE that night a small boat put off from the New York in which three persons sat.

One was Young Bob Sampson, the other Dick Danvers, but they were not dressed at all in their usual style.

Instead, they wore the uniforms of Spanish junior officers, and Dick, who was very dark, looked enough like a Spaniard to pass muster anywhere.

As for the third occupant of the boat

whose dress was the same, there could be no question of nationality.

Any one would have unhesitatingly pronounced this decidedly handsome young man either a Spaniard or a Cuban, but no one would have guessed that it was a woman in disguise.

Yet such was the case. It was Dolores Yznaga, busy at her brave and patriotic work again.

For the success of the undertaking, a Spanish interpreter and one familiar with Santiago was absolutely necessary.

Dolores answered both counts fully, and her disguise was absolutely perfect. Bob could not help looking at her with admiration as they pulled along up the bay.

"It seems the height of madness to think that we can ever reach the city," said Dick, dolefully. "I tell you what it is, Bob, while I've no desire whatever to back out, and would never dream of refusing the admiral, I can't help but feel that this time we are going to our death."

"Don't think it," said Bob. "What in the world is the matter with you, Dick?"

"But, Bob, stop and reflect. How is it possible for us to pass the Spanish fleet, to make our way to Santiago and land there? I never said a word when the order came from the admiral, but it did seem to me then that unless you had knowledge of some plan which would insure success that we were surely doomed."

"Dick, I have no knowledge of any plan. The admiral simply ordered me to Santiago, and if there is any way of getting there, to Santiago I shall go!"

Then Dolores spoke. Her words carried a calm conviction with them which immediately raised Dick's sinking spirits.

"What brave fellows you Yankee boys are," she said. "I don't believe that in all the world there is any other nation which can produce such as you. You start on a mission, which on its face seems absolutely hopeless, and that without a word of objection, and yet, boys, it is not all as it seems, nor is Admiral Sampson at all the sort of man to order you to risk your lives in an undertaking which cannot succeed."

What an immense relief this was! Bob, who had secretly shared Dick's fears, could not keep back a joyous shout. "Dolores, you know something!" he cried.

"Why, of course I do," said Dolores. "Where has my brother been for the last week?"

"That's what we've all been wondering," said Bob. "We only know that he left the New York over a week ago."

"He has been in Santiago," replied Dolores, quietly, "and he will meet us to-night. He has every password and every signal. Our mission is dangerous enough, it is true, but it is by no means as dangerous as you suppose."

They pulled on, and as they rowed, Dolores told more of her brother's work, and how he had been able to communicate with Admiral Sampson only the day before.

Passing between the now silent forts they made their way through the devious windings of the harbor, until at last the lights of the city came into plain view before them, and lower down, were other lights—the lights of Admiral Cervera's doomed fleet.

A boat now came into view from behind a little island which was pulled rapidly toward them by a single man.

"That's my brother!" exclaimed Dolores, and she called out in Spanish.

The answer came immediately, and soon the boat was alongside, and the boys saw that it was young Yznaga who worked the oars.

"It's all right," he said. "We shall have no trouble. You abandon your own boat here, and come into mine. Before midnight you will be safe in Santiago and ready to begin your work. I hope you know what it is, Bob Sampson, for I don't."

"I have my instructions," replied Bob. "Only land us safe in Santiago, and I shall find means to carry them out."

And this is just what young Yznaga did. They passed right under the bow of La Vizcaya, and Bob had his chance to look over the entire Spanish fleet before they made their landing.

Twice they were challenged, but Yznaga gave the password, and they were not interfered with. Midnight found them safe in an upper room near the market place in the house of a well-known Cuban sympathizer, Senor Otrando.

This gentleman was not at home when they arrived, but he came shortly and warmly shook Bob by the hand.

"I have often heard of you, Bob Sampson," he said, "and I am delighted to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. I presume you have orders for me from the admiral. Tell me what they are, and if it is a possible thing they shall be carried out."

"My orders are just a request," replied Bob. "It's all simple enough if you can do it. Admiral Sampson wants you to introduce me to the Santiago Club to-night."

"What! Impossible at this hour, and yet—"

"Well?"

"The club is still open. I have just come from there myself."

"You are a member?"

"I am. It is running an awful risk, boy. Admiral Cervera is at the club to-night playing bacarat. It will be taking your life in your hands."

"I'll take it. I want to see the Spanish admiral. That's what I'm here for; shall we go now?"

"As well now as any time. If you are discovered, you will be shot as surely as the sun is sure to rise."

"My orders are to go to the Santiago Club and look over Admiral Cervera," replied Bob. "I went into the Morro Castle and came out safely, so I hardly think I shall hesitate about a thing like this."

"Were you told that Cervera would be at the club to-night?" asked Otrando.

"I was."

"And how could Admiral Sampson possibly have known it?"

"That I did not ask him, and probably he would not have told me if I had."

"Come," said Otrando; "if we are to start the sooner we go the better."

"Do we all go?" inquired Dick.

"My orders were to go alone with Senor Otrando," replied Bob, and to Dick's immense disappointment he was left behind, but Young Bob Sampson went into the elegantly-furnished rooms of the Santiago Club within half an hour.

Piloted by Senor Otrando he passed from room to room, until he came to a small apartment in the rear of the club house where several officers were playing cards.

"There's the Spanish admiral," whispered Otrando. "I can introduce you to him if you wish, and—"

"Hush! What is he saying?" whispered Bob.

For Admiral Cervera suddenly pushed back his chair and brought down his fist on the table with a bang, exclaiming in Spanish—the translation was whispered in Bob's ear by Otrando:

"No, gentlemen, no! I'll stay here no longer, bottled up like a rat in a hole. Tomorrow morning I lead the Spanish fleet out of Santiago Harbor. If we cannot read the Yankee pigs a lesson, at least we can escape."

"That's enough!" whispered Bob. "I've accomplished my mission. Take me out of here at once, senor. Not a moment is to be lost in conveying the most important news to Admiral Sampson. Let the Spaniards try this sortie. It will be the last of their famous fleet."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE END OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

It was Young Bob Sampson's intention when he left the Santiago Club, to start on his return immediately to the New York.

First it was back to Senor Otrando's house, where Dick and Dolores were informed of the important discovery he had made.

Then all set out for the wharf where the boat lay.

No one interfered with them. No one seemed to have life enough left to do anything or say anything.

Bob saw dozens of poor, emaciated, starving wretches hovering near the market place, lying—yes, and even dying—in the open streets.

Death in its most terrible form seemed stalking about Santiago that night—death by starvation, but at the club the wine flowed freely, and Bob saw the remains of a "spread" fit for an alderman's feast.

"Where's the boat?" exclaimed Dolores, as they came down upon the wharf.

"By Jove, it's gone! Someone has stolen it!" cried Dick.

This proved to be the case, and it took young Yznaga until nearly daylight to get another.

The Vizcaya was getting up steam when they passed under her bow.

The boat was hailed and the signal successfully answered. Bob knew afterward that they passed as Spanish spies.

They pulled on vigorously—the boat was a four oared one and all hands took hold.

Much time had been lost, however, and it was almost nine o'clock when they passed between the forts and sighted the Texas lying directly across Santiago Harbor. The New York had evidently changed her position—she was nowhere to be seen.

Bob looked at Commodore Schley's big battle ship anxiously; he looked at his watch and just then he thought he could see smoke far up the bay.

"I'm going to report to Schley. It will never do to hunt the New York!" he suddenly announced.

"Good!" cried Dick. "I've been thinking of the very same thing, but I didn't dare suggest it."

"And it's the proper thing to do," said Dolores. "It might be fatal to attempt to keep this news for the admiral now."

So Bob hailed the Texas, giving the

secret signal, and was promptly taken on board.

The officers and crew eyed them curiously, but Dick Danvers was recognized even in his disguise, and they were immediately conducted to Commodore Schley to whom Bob communicated his important news.

"Young Sampson, this is a very serious matter," said the commodore. "The admiral has moved up the coast, and you did well to come to me, but are you sure you have made no mistake?"

Whether Bob's positive assurance convinced the commodore or not is a question, but all doubt was removed when at half past nine Lieutenant Bristol, of the Texas, saw smoke arising between Morro Castle and La Zocapa. An instant later the nose of a ship poked out behind the Estrella Battery.

Clash went the electric gongs calling the ship's company to action, and in less time than it takes to tell it the Texas was forging ahead at full speed.

The Brooklyn, Iowa and Oregon responded immediately, all heading toward the harbor entrance, two miles and a half away.

What happened after that is now history, and we want to distinctly state that it is extremely doubtful if it would have happened the way it did but for Young Bob Sampson's secret work for the admiral.

The first Spanish steamer out was the Almirante Oquendo, and the Cristobal Colon followed, then came the Vizcaya and the Infanta Maria Teresa. Almost before the ships were clear of the Morro Castle the fight was on.

Admiral Cervera started in with a shell from the Oquendo, and then began that chase to be ever memorable in the annals of naval warfare, which ended in the total destruction of the Spanish fleet.

In a twinkling the big guns of the Texas belched forth their thunder, keeping up a hot exchange of shots.

Captain John W. Philip directed operations from the bridge until operations got so hot that he ordered the ship to be run from the conning tower.

A moment after the bridge was abandoned a shell from the Spaniard tore through the pilot-house. It would have killed the wheelman and perhaps everybody on the bridge if they had remained there.

By ten minutes past ten the ship which the Texas engaged was seen to be on fire, and this marked the beginning of the end.

And such an end!

At 10:50 the Oquendo was headed in shore and was finished by the Texas, which did not take long, for she was all in flames, and at 11:05 her flag came down.

As for the fate of the remainder of the fleet that is well known. It began with Young Bob Sampson's visit to Santiago and ended with the complete destruction of the Spanish destroyers.

When all was over, Bob, Dick and Dolores, with young Yznaga, returned to the New York.

"Come aboard, sir," said Bob, saluting the admiral. "We've knocked out the Spaniards. I'm sorry I could not get aboard in time to give you first chance."

It was Commodore Schley's victory, so the published accounts state, but it would unquestionably have been Admiral Sampson's if he had waited for the return of his brave young namesake, our hero—Bob!

This ends our story, but it does not end Young Bob Sampson's adventures by any means.

For Bob is still at it—still afloat with the admiral. He has already made several pages of history, and it is safe to say that before the war with Spain is over he will make more.

He is likely to make history for himself, too, when that joyful time comes, for Bob is now an engaged man, and when peace is declared, pretty Nettie Browning has promised to be his wife.

And may that joyful hour soon come, when the Star Spangled Banner shall wave over the Morro Castle of Havana and Cuba shall be free!

When it does come—then, and not until then—YOUNG BOB SAMPSON will cease working for the admiral.

[THE END.]

Paul Gore, now clerk at the Auditorium annex, was room clerk at the Grand Pacific for several years. He tells a story in connection with Jay Gould's first visit to Chicago. Mr. Gould had registered at the Grand Pacific, and was standing in the lobby with his hands in his coat pockets, looking like a countryman in town. The little millionaire approached J. P. Vidal, who was clerk at the house, and modestly asked him what would be the best way for him to go to Lincoln Park. Vidal, not knowing who Gould was, gave him the necessary instruction as to street cars, et cetera. Gould heard him through, and then said: "But could I not go in a carriage?" "Yes, you can, but it's a little expensive," said Vidal. "Well, as this is my first visit, I think I will try to stand the expense." "All right; but to who shall I charge the carriage?" asked the clerk. "To Jay Gould," came the quiet answer. Vidal almost fell to the floor, but Gould got the carriage.

[This story commenced in No. 198.]

## In Peril of Pontiac:

OR,

### The Boys of the Frontier Fort.

A STORY OF THE INDIAN CHIEF'S  
GREAT CONSPIRACY.

By FRANK FORREST,

Author of "Steve and the Spanish Spies," "Ben's Brother," "Lucky Dick Golden," "Jack Gentleman," "The Camping Out Club," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE CAPTURE OF DON BURNHAM.

THE sun had disappeared below the western horizon when Don set out for the cabin home of his girlish sweetheart.

When he arrived at the humble home of the old English fur-trader the twilight was deepening, and at the moment when he entered the inner apartment of the dwelling, after he made the startling and terrible discovery of the body of the murdered servant of Ethel Merton's father, the shadows were falling gloomily there.

But Don saw the two Ottawa warriors, who had evidently glided into the interior room after him noiselessly, distinctly enough.

One glance, as he gave a frightened start, served to tell him the two braves were come upon a hostile mission, for they glared at him with eyes that blazed fiercely and threateningly.

Don's first impulse was to shout for help, but as he remembered the cabin was isolated, and that he could not hope to make even the loudest shout which he might utter reach the nearest dwelling, he recognized the utter futility of making an outcry.

And it appeared there was no way of escape for him, for the two Ottawas guarded the only door, and the one small window was scarcely available as he would have to cross the room to reach it, and the Indians could overtake him before he could hope to gain the portal.

Don believed the two Ottawas were the assassins of the faithful old guardian of Ethel, who lay dead in the front apartment, and solicitude for the safety of the maiden for the moment belittled the sense of personal peril which he experienced.

Unfortunately perhaps, the lad was unarmed, for he had not anticipated meeting dangerous Indians in the settlement, where the visiting redskins had always heretofore made a great showing of friendship for their white brothers, however hostile their real sentiments may have been.

For one single moment the two Indians and the boy of the frontier fort stood facing each other in silence.

Then one of the warriors said in deep, guttural tones, whose menacing fierceness was as alarming as the spoken words:

"White boy keep still. No shout—no call, else Ottawas quick kill!" and the savage speaker swung his tomahawk threateningly.

The lad's heart beat fast with apprehension and excitement, but he made a showing of composure, and his active brain was busy seeking to devise some plan of escape as he answered:

"What does this mean? Why are the Ottawas here in the cabin of the white trader? Why do they threaten the white youth who has never harmed them? The Ottawas are at peace with the whites."

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian who had first spoken, as he and his tribesman exchanged exultant glances. "Let the white boy keep still here, and when dark comes he must go with us. Wah! Ottawas take um to one who tell um what wanted of young pale-face."

"Make no noise. Go still else warriors tomahawk um an' take scalp," said the other Indian, fiercely.

"You and your tribe will have to answer to Major Gladwyn for this outrage. Take care, warriors, or you will cause the English to make war upon you at once," answered Don, and he feigned a threatening tone.

"You red rascals! What have you done with the white girl who dwells here? You have killed her old servant. Have you also murdered the defenseless maiden? If you have harmed her you shall suffer for it. Every Englishman will take the war-path to avenge Ethel Merton," he added, as honest anger swelled his heart, and he forgot that he was alone and unarmed at the mercy of the red demons.

"White boy shut up!"

"No talk more!"

Thus admonished the two Indians and Don saw it would be useless to say more.

So he stood silent and watched the Indians, who kept their snaky black eyes fixed upon him, noting his slightest movement and obviously bent upon preventing his escape.

Slowly the shadows deepened. In a few moments more the darkness of the night would fall upon the settlement in all the gloom of a starless, moonless, and overcast sky.

Don could only hope that, before the Indians succeeded in conducting him out of the settlement as their prisoner, some of the white inhabitants might meet them. But he was resolved not to go with his savage captors without making at least one desperate dash for liberty.

The imperiled youth decided that, when the Ottawas led him out of the cabin, he would seek to break away from them, and if he succeeded, then run at full speed to the nearest settler's dwelling and give the alarm.

And he suspected that the two outlaws were the tools of his implacable enemy, Cardalac, the renegade. With the dawn of this suspicion there came the fear that Ethel Merton had been abducted at the instigation of the half-bred ruffian, if indeed, the treacherous confederate of the redskins had not carried her off for himself.

The reflection that the innocent maiden whom he loved might at that very moment, be far away from the settlement and her white friends in the power of the evil man whose persistent advances she had repulsed, and whose brutal nature would lead him to the commission of any crime against her innocence and helplessness, filled the lad with grief and rage.

"Oh, that Long Rifle the scout were here. Oh, that my brave old friend could now lend a hand to aid me. But it is useless to hope for such a thing, as I know that Uncle Gladwyn sent him away to-day, to make a secret scout about Pontiac's village," reflected Don, disconsolately.

But he vowed in his heart that if he escaped from the Ottawas alive, and Ethel was in the power of the renegade he would know no rest until he had rescued her.

The lad's brave reflections were interrupted by the Ottawas. They suddenly strode toward him, and he recoiled. But one of them hastened to say:

"Ottawas no hurt white boy. Bind um arms. Fix 'em, no run, no yell."

As the lad recognized the utter futility of attempting resistance, he suffered the Indians to bind his hands behind his back. Then they fixed a wooden gag in his mouth, and he found, upon making a trial, that he could not utter a sound.

By this time it was dark. "Now we go," said one of the Ottawas then, and between them they marched Don out of the cabin.

Don glanced longingly at the lights in the nearest cabin of the white settlers. Those lights gleamed like beacons through the night, but to the bound and gagged lad they were only a mockery, and it saddened him to think friends were so near, and yet that he was powerless to acquaint them with the knowledge of his perilous situation.

There were three or four cabins at that end of the settlement, beyond the dwelling of the old English fur trader.

The Indians proceeded northward with their young captive, and they had to pass near the few outlying cabins alluded to.

Don braced himself for the desperate attempt to break away upon which he had determined, as his captors were escorting him along the river bank, at no great distance from the last of the log houses at the northern confines of the settlement. Though he knew those cabins were occupied by French Canadians, who probably hated the English, he did not think, if he could reach one of them, the inmates would dare give him up to the Indians, in view of the present authority of the English, as the occupants of the fort.

Suddenly, as Don felt the Indians relax their hold upon him a little as they marched him along between them, he made a tremendous leap, broke their hold and darted away like the wind straight toward the nearest cabin.

But the two Indians bounded after him, and the fleeing lad had not gone half way to the cabin, which was the goal he sought, when he stumbled over a log and fell heavily.

As the lad struggled to his feet, finding difficulty in doing so because his hands were yet bound behind his back, the Indians pounced upon him.

He was dragged to his feet, and one of the savages proposed that they should tomahawk him on the spot.

Don thought his last moment had come, as he felt rather than saw the speaker brandish his hatchet over his head.

But the other warrior caught the descending arm of his companion.

"Big Bear heap fool! No get white Chief Cardalac's gold if no bring pale-face boy to camp alive!" he cried. And as if this argument had great weight with the other savage he put up his hatchet, and Don was again hurried northward. The village was soon left behind, and the heart of the boy captive sank in his bosom.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE OTTAWA MEDICINE WOMAN.

Don's Indian captors did not halt until they had proceeded for a distance of several miles. Then they paused on the river bank.

"Now get in canoe," said one of the Ottawas, and while he held the young prisoner the other warrior drew a canoe out of a clump of bushes, and launched it.

Don was compelled to take his place in the little craft. The Indians followed, and seizing the paddles they sent the canoe flying through the darkness upon the river.

Straight across the river the Ottawas paddled the light canoe, and a landing was soon made upon the opposite bank.

Then the white boys' captors marched him along as before, and he supposed they meant to escort him to Pontiac's village where he doubted not Cardalac the renegade awaited his arrival, for since the remark of one of the Ottawas had informed him that his half-breed enemy had bribed the warriors to abduct him, he was no longer in the least doubtful that he would soon be in the power of the malignant enemy, who had vowed vengeance upon him.

But Don erred in his conjectures regarding the immediate destination of the Ottawas. They proceeded eastward from the river into the depths of the great forest, but ere long the light of a camp-fire, in the distance, seemed to serve as a beacon to guide them, for slightly changing their course, they led their boy prisoner to the fire.

It blazed in an open glade, surrounded by tall trees and thick bushes. As Don was led into the glade he saw a number of dark human figures about the camp-fire. One of his captors uttered a signal call, and a few moments later Don was led up to the fire. Then he saw the men about it were Ottawas.

"Where White Chief Cardalac?" demanded one of the warriors who escorted the boyish prisoner, addressing the Indians of the camp who gathered about the new arrivals making comments, which no doubt concerned the white lad, but which he did not understand, for the Indians spoke in their native tongue.

Before any one present could reply to the inquiry of the warrior a tall figure came out of the woods and advanced hastily to the fire.

As this man came within the area lighted up by the flames Don recognized him. The new arrival was Cardalac, the renegade.

Despite the fact that he was still dressed and painted like an Ottawa warrior, Don recognized his enemy at a glance.

"Ha! Big Bear and Fox Eye, you have done well. I see you have captured the young English dog, and here is what I promised you!" cried Cardalac, as he beheld the youthful figure of the captive, upon whom the red firelight fell luridly.

He tossed a small buckskin pouch, which gave forth the clink of gold to the captors of Don.

"Bind him to a tree, braves. I promised old Waheta, the medicine woman of the Ottawas, that she should have a share in the sport about the torture-stake. Get it ready, the stake and the fuel. But we will not burn the young English dog until the Ottawa witch comes. Oh, the English killed her three warrior sons, who fought with their French brothers, and old Waheta's vengeance will never be satisfied. She says she will burn at the stake every Englishman the Ottawas capture, and she is mad for the beginning of the great Chief Pontiac's new war," continued the half-breed.

Don was rudely seized by several warriors, who dragged him to a solitary tree which stood about twenty feet from the camp-fire. To that tree the lad was securely bound by willing hands.

The brave lad had not anticipated that his half-breed enemy would doom him to the stake at once, though he feared the treacherous villain would murder him.

Don's situation was one which might well have tried the nerve and tested the courage of the bravest man.

The hopelessness of it made him groan in mental agony. But he looked around eagerly and expectantly, seeking to learn if Ethel Merton was in the camp, and he failed to see anything of the maid, whom he feared had fallen into the power of her enemy and his own deadly foe.

And the blood seemed to run cold in the veins of the doomed lad as he witnessed the preparations which the band of Ottawas, under Cardalac's leadership, began making for his torture.

He saw the red fiends set up a great stake of green, hard wood near the camp-fire, and they gathered a great heap of dry fuel and placed it conveniently near the torture stake.

It seemed to Don that he was almost in the shadow of a horrible death, and that the appearance of the Ottawa medicine woman would be the signal for the savages to begin to torture him.

He prayed for deliverance most fervently, but his prayers were interrupted by Cardalac, the renegade, who came to taunt him and gloat at the sight of his misery.

"Ha! Ha! You shall soon howl for mercy at the torture-stake, but I will show you no mercy. I swore that I'd take a terrible revenge upon you that day when you struck me down like a dog in her presence. Ha! Ha! You wince when I speak of her. Know now before you die at the stake that Ethel Merton is now my captive, and that she shall soon be my squaw!" said Cardalac.

Don did not reply. He meant not to give the renegade the satisfaction of drawing a retort from him. But if furious glances could have killed, Cardalac would have fallen dead under the fire and fury of the burning look of menace and rage which the young prisoner fixed upon him.

Just then, as Cardalac seemed about to speak further, there was a commotion among the Indians about the camp-fire.

Cardalac turned to them.

At the same time Don saw a wild and hideous-looking figure advancing out of the woods and going towards the camp-fire.

"Waheta!" exclaimed Cardalac.

"The medicine woman of the Ottawas!" added the renegade.

The medicine woman was tall and gaunt of figure, and she was enveloped in a red blanket girded at the waist with a serpent's skin. Her face was completely covered with a "medicine mask," a rude mask made of the head of a wolf, with the jaws wide open, showing the white fangs, and the eyes made of polished metal buttons, with holes showing in the firelight. In one hand she carried a crooked staff, adorned with feathers and the teeth of animals. In the other hand the Ottawa witch bore a medicine gourd, which she rattled as she advanced.

The hideous creature, looking like a human wolf, and seemingly a fitting priestess to officiate at the horrible savage rites of the torture stake, chanted some weird song of the tribe as she came to the camp-fire.

The warriors made way for her, and it was evident that they regarded her with awe and fear.

No one save Cardalac ventured to address any remark to the medicine woman, but the half-breed ventured to say at once:

"Waheta, great medicine squaw of the Ottawas, my runner has given you the message I sent I know, since you are come now. Behold yonder is the English dog I give to you to burn at the stake," he said, and as he spoke he pointed at Don.

The Indian witch slowly turned, and seemed to look at the white boy through the holes in the bright buttons set for eyes in the wolf's-head mask she wore.

For a full moment the hideous creature seemed to stare at the lad.

Then she exclaimed in the Ottawa tongue:

"The white dog shall burn, burn, burn! Woe, woe! The Manito shall hear him yell, and tell the young braves of old Waheta in the happy hunting grounds that their mother takes vengeance on an English dog."

Then the medicine woman darted to the prisoner, and began to dance around him, striking at Don with a scalping knife which she had drawn. Suddenly the lad felt that she had cut the thongs that secured him, and at the same moment the voice of Long Rifle, the fort scout, came to him through the jaws of the wolf's-head mask.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CUNNING OF LONG RIFLE.

"Run fer yer life, boy! Make for the river, an' I'll foller you, pretendin' to be chasin' an' tryin' to take you!" whispered the voice of the scout, emanating from the jaws of the wolf's head, which masked the face of the speaker.

And then, miraculous though it appeared, the lad knew that the supposed Ottawa witch was really Long Rifle—the prince of border scouts and Indian fighters, in disguise.

Don did not wait to receive a second bidding from his old friend before he obeyed his command to flee for his life. The lad gave one tremendous leap away from the tree, and then darted across the glade and disappeared in the dark woods in the direction of the river.

The disguised scout uttered a yell of pretended rage in a shrill, cracked voice, and ran after the lad.

The flight of Don was witnessed by Cardalac, and the warriors about the camp-fire. For an instant surprise seemed to hold the dusky throng inactive. Then they rushed after the young fugitive and the supposed medicine woman.

Cardalac the renegade led the van in the pursuit. And his rage over the escape of his intended victim found vent in imprecations which he heaped upon the warriors who had bound Don to the tree.

"Fools! Dolts! Idiots! You warriors

are old women! You don't know how to tie a prisoner fast! Go stay in the wigwams with your squaws, and send me braves whom a mere boy of the English cannot outwit!" raved the enraged renegade as he ran.

The warriors who had bound Don paid no attention to the railings of the renegade. They were entirely intent upon recapturing the lad. But they knew they had tightly knotted the thongs of buckskin, which they had used to bind the white boy to the tree, and so they could not account for his escape, for as yet no suspicion of the truth that the supposed medicine woman was other than she seemed had dawned upon their minds.

Don was a swift runner, and Long Rifle could distance many an Indian in a foot race.

But it happened that among Cardalac's band of Ottawas, there was a runner called Deer Foot, who was noted as the fleetest redskin on the Western frontier. This Indian had served the French General Montcalm as a messenger, and during the war for the possession of Canada, Deer Foot had performed some wonderful feats of speed in long distance running, as Montcalm's dispatch courier.

Long Rifle had almost come up with Don when, under the moonlight, which had been showing in the sky for about half an hour, he saw Deer Foot, whom he knew by sight, bounding after him.

Just then, as Deer Foot had distanced all his warrior comrades as well as Cardalac, not one of his party was in sight.

Long Rifle knew Deer Foot would soon pass by and overtake Don unless he prevented, for he was aware that swift-footed as he himself was, he could not run as fast as the Indian.

On came Deer Foot.

Soon he was alongside of Long Rifle.

"Wah! Deer Foot sure catch white boy now," shouted the Ottawa runner, exultantly, as he saw Don's speed was failing.

The next moment, as he was leaping by the supposed medicine woman of his tribe, so close that their garments almost brushed against each other, Deer Foot let out an awful yell, threw up his hands and fell upon his face.

At that instant Long Rifle had flashed forth his hunting knife, and with one blow he had stabbed the passing Ottawa runner to the heart.

Then leaping over the dead body of the Indian, the scout raced on after Don.

"Wah ho! Wah ho!"

Thus the wild war-whoop of the Ottawas rang out in advance of Don and the scout, as the latter came up with the fleeing lad a few moments later.

"The reds are between us and the river!" cried Long Rifle. "They have heard the yells of Cardalac's band in our rear, and they are answering them."

As he spoke he raised the wolf's-head mask, and by the light of the moon Don saw the genial face of the white veteran of the frontier.

"The Indians who are between us and the river will try to head us off!" panted Don, as they ran on side by side.

"Yes, the varmints have a regular code of signal yells. The shouts of Cardalac's band have told the Ottawas, whose yells sounded from the direction of the river, that enemies they are after are running that way," said the scout.

"We must change our course."

"Too late! Here they come!" uttered the scout, as he heard the Indians crashing through a thicket, a little distance further on toward the river.

"Down, boy! Down fer your life!" he added, with thrilling intensity, pushing Don into a clump of dense bushes.

Don sank down breathlessly and the bushes completely concealed him. A moment subsequently as the disguised scout again advanced six Ottawas burst out of the thicket ahead of him.

"Ho! Waheta, great medicine squaw, where run?" demanded the foremost one of the warriors, a gigantic savage, who wore the eagle feathers of a chief.

"Waheta runs after white boy. Ho! Ha! The Manito guides the medicine squaw. She sees the trail to which the warrior's eyes are blind. Follow! Follow!" cried Long Rifle, in the shrill, cracked voice of the medicine woman, whom he was personating.

Then he ran southward.

The warriors whom he had met followed him.

But he soon disappeared in a tangled growth of vines and bushes. Softly then he made a detour and returned to Don, and he heard the Ottawas, whom he had eluded, yelling the name of the medicine woman as they proceeded further southward.

Don had not left the hiding-place into which the cunning scout had thrust him.

As soon as Long Rifle rejoined the lad they pushed on toward the river, and as they did not hear the Indians of Cardalac's band near, they concluded those savages had been lured away from their trail by the shouts of the party who had followed

(Continued on Page 10.)

## HAPPY DAYS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1898.

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## A Paper of His Own;

OR,

## HOW PHIL BRIGHT BECAME AN EDITOR.

By C. Little.

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## War-Ship Buttons

GIVEN AWAY.

—SEE 16th PAGE.—

[This story commenced in No. 199.]

## A STAR AT SIXTEEN;

OR,

## THE BOY ACTOR'S TRIUMPH.

A TRUE STORY OF A LAD'S STRUGGLE FOR FAME AND FORTUNE.

By N. S. WOOD (The Young American Actor),

Author of "Herman, the Boy Magician," "Tom Tatters," "Shiner, the New York Bootblack," "The Boy Captain of the 71st N. Y.," "From the Street," etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BOY ACTOR AND A MYSTERIOUS LADY.

HORACE stared at the veiled lady who had been admitted to his cell in silent astonishment.

She stood before him, a majestic figure,

poverty. But no matter. I have bribed the keeper who admitted me here. You have only to dart out when he opens the door. He will run after you, but he will stumble and fall. You will run through the side door. There a carriage is in waiting. You will jump in. The driver has

is really more than you dream of at stake—a great fortune!"

"If you will do as I ask, I promise that I will do all an honest lad can do to help you," answered Horace.

"Good! Since you refuse to fall in with my plan for your escape, I see I must accept your own terms, or leave you and the young girl to your several fates. The mere wish to defeat the wicked devices of Carton, prompts me to accede to your request. Yes, I'll do as you wish."

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!"

"Not at all. I fear I am actuated too much by selfish motives to deserve your thanks. But here is pencil and paper. Make haste and write the notes you wish to send by me."

"I will, I will! Do not fail to place the notes I shall write in the hands of Ethel and Tony," cried Horace, in joyful tones.

"You may depend upon it that I will do as you ask."



HORACE SWUNG HIS RIGHT FIST FULL ON THE JAW OF THE BIG ENGLISHMAN. PERHAPS THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL OF LUCK IN IT, BUT THE LAD'S BLOW LANDED FAIRLY IN THE RIGHT PLACE, AND CARTON CRASHED DOWN UPON THE FLOOR.

richly, yet plainly gowned in gray, and though her veil, with which she jealously hid her face, prevented all observation, her youthful voice indicated that she was young.

He vaguely wondered why she did not raise her veil, and yet his surprise that she, one who was to him an entire stranger, should come to his assistance, was greater than his curiosity.

While he continued to regard her with an expression of amazement and incredulity, as if he was scarcely able to credit the evidence of his hearing—believe that she really offered to assist him—she repeated that assurance.

"Yes," said she. "If you are brave you can be free in ten minutes' time."

Then while hope made his young voice tremulous, Horace found voice to reply.

"I thank you very much. I hope I am not a coward, but I do not understand how, if you know why I have been arrested, you can hope to obtain my immediate release."

"I know all the circumstances, but I cannot now explain how I obtained the information," she answered, hastily.

"What must I do in order to gain my liberty? Oh, lady, there is more than my own freedom at stake! The fate of an innocent young girl, whom Carton means to deceive, is also involved. I would do anything honorable to save her. I must be free to warn her this night."

"Then listen to me."

"Yes, yes!"

"You know the power of money?"

"Too well—too well! It makes the rich the master of the poor."

"I take it you have known the sting of

his orders, and he will drive off at full speed. You will be taken to a place of safety. All that I ask is that you promise—ay, swear to repay me by helping me to my revenge upon Ralph Carton, my evil genius—that you will do my bidding in secret."

"No, no! I cannot purchase my release at such a price! To escape in such a manner would be virtually an acknowledgment of guilt," cried Horace.

"But think," exclaimed the mysterious lady, in disappointed tones, "think if you remain here, on the morrow it may be too late to save the girl you love."

"Still I cannot do as you wish. I must find means to send word of my arrest to my friends. I must try to gain my release legally in time to warn Ethel against Ralph Carton. Oh, if you are a true friend, will you not carry a message for me?" replied the lad, earnestly.

"It would be useless, as far as saving the young girl goes. Your friends could not secure your release before morning. The legal formalities, the acceptance of a bail bond for your appearance at court and the like will take too much time," answered the unknown woman.

"But you will take a note from me to Ethel and to my friend, Tony Tripton? Oh, say you will do that, and you shall have my eternal gratitude! I have not a cent with me to pay a station-house messenger for the service."

"I want more than your gratitude. I feel that you hate the man who has brought this trouble upon you, and that hate will make you true to me against him. I want you to work for me in secret. Boy, there

Hastily Horace scribbled a note to Ethel, and then he penciled a few lines to Tony Tripton.

Having directed these communications to those for whom they were intended, he handed them to the strange lady.

She placed them in her bosom, and then, as footsteps sounded at the cell door, she came close to the boy actor, and whispered: "We shall meet again and then I shall remind you of your promise. But be sure the services shall not be all on your side. I will repay friendship with friendship. Now for the present, good-by."

The door opened as she extended a shapely white hand that sparkled with diamonds.

Horace returned the friendly pressure it gave, and as the keeper opened the cell door the lady turned from him and passed out.

As she left the police station, she muttered under her breath:

"Perhaps it is better so. Now I have proven to my own satisfaction that the boy actor is really an honorable lad, and I believe he can be trusted."

Left alone in his cell by the departure of the lady, Horace became a prey to suspense and doubt. He dreaded lest the unknown woman might fail to deliver the notes which he had given her.

And as he remembered that she had not once raised her veil while in his presence, he wondered the more at her conduct.

Evidently she sought to surround herself with secrecy and mystery, and the lad felt that she must have strong motives for so

(Continued on page 10.)

[This story commenced in No. 197.]

# TONY THE TORMENT AROUND THE WORLD.

By TOM TEASER,

Author of "Tony the Torment at School," "Tony the Torment," "Muldoon in Search of a Cousin," "Mortimer Merry," "Fred Frolick," "Our Willie," "Muldoon in Chicago," etc., etc., etc.

## PART IV.

The real porter, returning from a visit to the bosom of his family, entered the hotel. His time was up, and he was prepared to resume his duties.

The head waiter pulled his nose. The man of all work punched his eye. The landlord jawed him. It would not have been dignified for him to have thumped the fellow. European landlords are great sticklers for dignity.

"At that time I was at home. That would be half-past four, and you know that I am not due till five. What porter in his senses would return half an hour before he was due? You have been haunted! It was not I who did all this."

The porter's reasoning was good enough. He had never been known to come in ahead of time.

Still there was something very mysterious about it.

Finally there were many who swore to his being a mile away from the hotel at the hour named.

The alibi being proven, the landlord said that some evil spirit had taken on the porter's appearance, and had done these things, but that he and the others must not be blamed for having been deceived.

Pete didn't lose his job, but he had had a thumping all the same, and that couldn't be wiped out.

Tony chuckled, but gave the man a tip

There are the blues, the greens, the reds, the yellows, the whites and so on.

A student of any country looks ridiculous when he is on dress parade, but these fellows rake in the gate money.

With their dinky little caps resting on one ear, their noses in the air, their chests swelled out, and their arms stuck out as if they had been trained to carry parcels, the students of these German universities look as foolish as a goose ducking her head upon going through a twenty-foot high barn door.

They think they are real folks, however, and deeply resent any affront to their dignity.

The most of them have scratched and scarred faces, the result of wounds received not in honest fight, but in the silly duels in which they all engage, no matter for what reason, and if for none, just the same.

On the afternoon of their arrival in Heidelberg, Tony and Dick went for a walk along the principal and only street in the funny old town.

Tony had on that trick coat of his, not knowing if he might not need it.

He also had one or two kinds of whiskers stuck in his hat, which was of the soft variety on this occasion.

It was quite the thing for him to go provided for mimicry nowadays, whenever he went out for a walk.

The two young fellows had not gone far before they met one of these self-important students.

He wore a flat-topped, bright yellow cap perched upon his left mustache, his chest was stuck out like a pigeon's, he carried a little stick, and his nose was away up in the air.

Dick, who had seen dudes but had never seen a creature like this, laughed outright. "For Heaven's sake, what it is once?" he snickered.

The student glared fiercely at Dick as he went on, and then turned and looked after the two boys.

"What do you call it?" asked Dick, still laughing.

"One of the students."

"Why, he don't look as if he ever studied anything but his looking-glass. Do they all look as ridiculous as that?"

Just then they met another.

He wore a pink cap.

He also had court plaster patches over his nose.

This time Tony laughed.

The fellow scowled and went on.

"This town must be a regular museum for freaks," said Dick.

"So it seems," said Tony, dryly.

In just about another minute they met a third student.

He wore a white cap that made him look as if he had a Charlotte Russe on his head.

It had to be strapped under his chin to keep it from falling off, it was tipped at such an angle.

The fellow was bow-legged and would have sat astride a barrel with no trouble.

A good fat pig could have run between his legs and never touched him.

He had a regular street railway map laid out in court plaster on his face.

This time both boys forgot their manners and laughed.

The student scowled savagely and said in German:

"You have insulted me and must pay the penalty."

"What does he say, Tony?" asked Thurston. "I'm not up in the limburger dialect."

Tony spoke German fluently, having studied it in college.

He therefore answered the irascible student.

"I beg your pardon, but really you can't blame me. If you will make yourself ridiculous, it is to laugh in spite of myself."

"An apology is not the reparation a gentleman makes," retorted the student, "I must have blood."

"Go sit on a tack," said Tony, in English. "Go chase yourself. Do you catch on? Go jump into the river and cool off."

Then he and Thurston went along.

"What did he want?" asked Dick.

"Blood!" said Tony, with mock impressiveness.

"Oh, did he?"

"He did."

"Nothing else would satisfy him?"

"Apparently not."

"Well, you ought to give it to him, then."

"Maybe I will," laughed Tony.

A few moments later the two travelers went into one of the old-time, almost prehistoric beer places that you meet in Germany.

It was big, but low ceiled. There were pictures on the walls that might have been there for centuries, and the floor was worn in ridges by the feet of countless customers.

The tables were heavy and dark and old, and shone like polished metal; the chairs were of solid oak, and just the things to lounge in.

Old fashioned mugs of quaint design



"AH, YOU LOAFER, I SHALL SEE IF YOU SHALL INSULT ME LIKE THAT," SAID THE CHAMBERMAID. SHE HAD SOME OF THE TOOLS OF HER TRADE WITH HER. A BROOM AND A PAIL OF WATER. WITH THE FIRST SHE SWEEPED PETE OUT OF HER PATH. HE WENT DOWN KERFLOP.

He started for his little box to put on his hat and coat.

One of those fellows will never work unless in uniform.

If the hotel were on fire and they were in their shirt sleeves, they wouldn't do a thing till they had put on their official clothes.

Well, Pete started to get his. He was met by a deputation. There was the landlord.

The head waiter came next.

The man of all work followed.

The lady of the bed chambers was last.

They all had something to say.

"For why you snap your fingers mit my face?"

"What for should you pull my nose?"

"Who told you I should be punched?"

"Don't you tell me to go change my breath again, you loafer!"

The chambermaid got off her speech in German.

The rest spoke in misfit English.

Tony and Dick were looking on.

They knew there would be fun.

"What it is?" asked the porter. "What you was speaking?"

"Ah, you loafer, I shall see if you shall insult me like that," said the chambermaid.

She had some of the tools of her trade with her.

A broom and a pail of water.

With the first she swept Pete out of her path.

He went down kerflop.

Then the lady with the water pail washed away the dirt at her feet.

Up jumped the porter.

The porter was pretty well used up.

The chambermaid wanted to take a second inning, however.

She brandished the broom and rattled off German by the yard.

"Pretend to kiss me, and then tell me I eat sauerkraut!" she sputtered. "It is an insult, and I will tell my brother and my sweetheart and the neighbor across the way, and they will pound you well. Yes, and I will tell your wife that you kissed me, and she will pull off your ugly whiskers!"

"It is not so much to kiss a chambermaid," said the head waiter, "but you have pulled my nose. Anyone can kiss a chambermaid, that is nothing, but any one cannot insult a head waiter."

"It is not so much that you kiss the chambermaid and insult the head waiter and strike the boots, but you snapped the fingers of you in the face of me, the proprietor of this hotel, and that is something to be put in prison for," said the landlord in all his dignity.

Then the five of them jabbered away in German, good, bad and very bad, and it sounded like a lot of pigs having a free fight.

The porter denied having done any wrong and demanded evidence.

They all gave it to him, but he swore that he had just come in and could not have done these things.

"Do I not know your cap and coat and your whiskers?" demanded the boss.

"I tell you it was yourself and no one else."

"And when was it?"

"Half an hour ago."

all the same when he went away, although he had said that he would not.

"The fellow got it hotter than I intended he should," he said to Dick, "and so I'm willing to make it up to him."

Miss Pert wouldn't give him anything, however, and he had expected a lot from her.

"The American women, they make me the pain," Tony heard him say. "English, French, Germans, all give the porter something, but the Americans no, and they ask the most questions."

"Then go get a job that you are paid for, and you won't have to make a beggar of yourself," said Tony. "Your boss ought to pay you, not make the traveling public do it."

"Aha, but that is the custom, and you do not understand," said the man, with a shrug.

"Oh, I understand well enough," laughed Tony, "and it's a very bad custom, but you people are too obstinate, and travelers are too soft-hearted, and so it goes."

The doctor went into Germany after leaving Lucerne, and stopped first at the queer little University town of Heidelberg, stuck in between green hills on the banks of the Neckar.

The students of Heidelberg are great fighters.

They will pick up a quarrel with any one on the slightest pretext.

Each university has its corps of fighting men.

They are distinguished by funny little caps of different colors, stuck away over on one side of the head.

stood on a row above the great fire place, and polished metal drinking cups flanked it on either side.

Men, women and children sat at the tables, drinking beer, eating their frugal meal, and chatting merrily.

The whole atmosphere of the place was one of peace and content, and there was not the least noise or confusion.

Stout, good-natured looking girls waited on the customers, now and then exchanging a smile or a pleasant word, while behind a counter stood the jolliest-looking old Dutchman you ever saw.

A great fire of logs blazed merrily in the fire place and close to it sat a contented cat, sleek and fat, the very picture of ease and quiet.

"This is something like," said Tony, as he and Dick sat at a table in a corner. "This is like what you read about in the old German romances."

The boys ordered two big mugs of beer and a bite of something to eat, and proceeded to enjoy themselves.

Tony's face was buried in his mug when he heard someone pound the table in a way to cause everything to rattle.

Three men then began to talk most excitedly in German.

They were the three students, the yellow, the pink and the white.

Tony saw this much over the top of his beer mug.

"Well, what is it?" asked Dick, coolly. "Don't all speak at once. It's very rude. Don't they teach you fellows manners in the universities? What can I do for you? One at a time, please."

"We demand blood!" said yellow.

"You have insulted us!" hissed pink.

"You must fight," said the bow-legged student with the white cap.

"But, really, gentlemen, I can't see any reason for fighting."

"You must," said yellow.

"Swords," added pink.

"To the death!" growled bow legs.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Swords, eh. You don't want pistols."

"No!" said all three.

"We want blood!" reiterated pink.

"You have offered us an insult which only death can wipe out," said yellow.

"And now is as good a time as any to settle it," said white.

"Oh, is it?" said Dick, as cool as cracked ice.

"You're in an awful hurry, seems to me."

Then the three began to jabber in German, and to indulge in a lot of gesticulation.

They thought Dick was afraid because he was so quiet.

They didn't know him.

He could have tackled the lot of them, singly or in a bunch, and cleaned them out, but he didn't see the use.

The girls in the place were getting nervous, the kids were beginning to cry, and the landlord scented trouble.

He hurried from behind the counter and begged the students to go out behind the house somewhere if they wanted to do any shedding of blood, and not to soil his clean floors or create a panic among his customers.

Tony, meantime, seemed to have been forgotten.

The three students did their chinning at Dick, and so did the landlord, and Tony was out of sight.

Suddenly, however, there was a tremendous thump on the table, and a deep, guttural voice exclaimed:

"Ach, donnerwetter! For why you make so much foolishness mit der Amerikaner?"

The students and the landlord turned.

So did everybody else.

All hands were thunderstruck.

There, standing at the table, frowning upon the students from behind a big blonde mustache, and from under a pompadour head of hair, was the young war lord of Germany, the Emperor Billy himself.

He wore a military coat, and had on no end of medals and orders.

There was a portrait of him over the fire-place, and everybody recognized its likeness to him in an instant.

How he came there no one could tell, but that he was Emperor William the Second, no one doubted for a moment.

The three students stood aghast.

Every German thinks that his emperor is a little tin divinity on wheels, and regard him with little less awe than they regard the devil himself.

To see Emperor Billy the Twice suddenly standing before them, therefore, was enough to give those three bellicose students a cold chill.

It took Thurston a few seconds to catch on, the apparition of the young German war pup was so startling.

Banging his fist on the table, the bogus William said in husky German:

"You—you bow-legged son of a beer barrel, you want blood, do you? Go straddle that cask yonder!"

"Yes, sire."

"And you, you misfit copy of a man," to the guy with the pink cap, "stand on your

head this instant! You, too!" to the yellow-capped student.

They were afraid to disobey.

They might get it worse if they did.

Whatever the emperor said had to go with all Germans.

The two students tried to stand on their heads.

They made a mess of it.

They ought to have succeeded having such flat heads.

They did not.

Their brains being in their feet, they couldn't keep a proper balance.

Flop!

Whack!

"Again!" commanded the emperor, while Dick just sat there and laughed to split.

The students tried it again.

With the same result.

Down they went kerflop.

"Once more!" thundered the young war lord, twisting his mustaches. "All Europe is to be set topsy-turvy by me; therefore it is necessary that one should learn to stand on his head."

The students tried it again, and met with disastrous failure.

"You pig-head on the cask, it is not for you to laugh," said the fake ruler of Germany to the fellow with the bow legs and the white cap. "Here, landlord, fetch a pail of water and make him drink it."

The prospect of having to drink water was too much for the bow-legged student. He fell off the cask.

Just then the other two collapsed again while trying to stand on their heads.

All these were terribly mixed up.

The supposed emperor grabbed up the little stick that white cap had dropped.

Whack!

Spat!

Biff!

German students of the fighting corps wear tight breeches.

These three got it good and hot where the trousers fitted the tightest.

They yelled and squirmed.

The women laughed.

The landlord exploded.

Dick shrieked.

Then Emperor Billy the Two Times chucked the stick out of the window, and said:

"Get up, ass heads, and remember that you do not attend the universities to make fools of yourselves. Apologize to the American and leave ten marks apiece with the landlord to pay for beer for his guests."

"Yes, sire," said all three, bowing very humbly.

"And get out of here very quickly, if you don't want to have to serve ten years in the army. It is I, William, the war lord of Europe who says this."

All hands bowed very low to the bogus emperor, and the three fire-eating students dusted.

Tony saw that each left his little two-fifty with the boss of the beer shop.

Then he gave Dick the wink.

"A private room for myself and this fine young American," he said.

They got it.

The landlord would have given them anything.

"My house is more than honored by your august presence, your majesty," he said, hat in hand, and bowing low.

When they were alone, Tony said, as he fixed his transformation coat and dropped his royal whiskers into his hat:

"Not a bad imitation, eh, Dick?"

"No, you bet it wasn't. This fellow will advertise himself now as beer provider to his Imperial Highness, William II."

"Sure, but there'll be a crowd waiting to see the emperor come out, so we'd better skip."

They skipped out by a door leading to a back alley and no one was any wiser.

Tony was right.

It had got around that the emperor was in the shop.

The street was packed by a crowd waiting to greet him as he came out.

No doubt they are still waiting.

Tony's father was fooled like all the rest.

"Did you see the emperor?" he asked his son.

"He is in town, I understood."

"No, I did not," said Tony, never turning a hair.

"I heard so, too, but I don't believe it."

The *Heidelberger Tageblatt* had a long account of the emperor's visit to the town in its next morning's issue, and there are three German students who to this day proudly acknowledge having been whacked by the emperor himself, and are looked up to accordingly by their deluded companions, such is the slavish adulation given to kings and princes by some folks.

"It was safe enough to take off the emperor in a little place like this," laughed Thurston, "but how about Berlin?"

"Just the same," said Tony. "I did it here because I happened to think of it and to have everything handy."

There is not very much to see in Heidelberg and the doctor skipped out after a couple of days of it.

They jumped about a bit and then went by the St. Gotthard route to Milan.

"We've had mountains to burn," said Thurston, after looking at the glorious scenery till he was tired. "I never thought there were so many hills in all Europe. Big, little, bare, green, covered with snow and lovely with verdure, we have had all sorts to-day."

"Well, there are mountains to burn in Italy, also," said Tony. "There is Vesuvius, for instance."

"Oh, that's not so warm."

"Oh, isn't it? Just take a drop down the crater once and you'll change your mind."

"I'd rather not," said Dick. "I am temperate, and that would be a drop too much."

"Oh, drop that!"

"Sure!" laughed Dick, "but how about keeping up the racket and giving those slow Europeans something to talk about?"

"Why, we'll do it, of course," said Tony, and you can make up your mind that he kept his word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DON'T FAIL TO READ "A PAPER OF HIS OWN," C. LITTLE'S NEW STORY, WHICH BEGINS IN THE NEXT NUMBER.

## In Peril of Pontiac.

(Continued from page 7.)

the disguised scout, when he led them away from Don's hiding-place.

"How came you in the hands of Cardalac's band?" asked Long Rifle as they approached the river.

Don explained.

And in conclusion he said:

"It must be that Ethel Merton is a captive in the power of Cardalac."

"Yes," assented the scout. "But the white maid is not at Pontiac's village. I have been there in disguise, as the medicine woman, and I know Ethel Merton has not been brought there."

"Then where can she be? Oh, Long Rifle, my friend, we must find and rescue her!"

"Yes. We'll try to do that."

"Thank you! Thank you! I knew I could depend upon you to help me. But how came you to know I was a captive and so come to rescue me?"

"Well, you see, I know old Waheta pretty well, and I've given her many a flask of fire water in days gone by. She lives alone in a wigwam beyond Pontiac's village. I went there to-night and got the old hag to drink all the fire water in my flask. When she lay dead drunk I appropriated her medicine mask and blanket as well as her staff and went into the village to see what I could find out for the major.

While in the village I saw Cardalac and heard him tell a warrior that he was going to meet a band of reds, who were waiting for the coming of warriors whom he had sent to capture you. When Cardalac left the village I followed him and you know he led me to the camp where you were held. But—hist! Someone comes," answered the scout.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"A PAPER OF HIS OWN," BY C. LITTLE WILL COMMENCE NEXT WEEK. BE SURE AND READ IT.

## A Star at Sixteen.

(Continued from page 8.)

doing, which he could not even imagine the nature of.

As the time passed, after the departure of the lady, the lad became more and more uneasy because Tony Tripton did not come, for the note which he had written to the old actor contained an appeal for the immediate presence of the veteran of the stage.

At last as the hour of sunset came and yet no one had entered his cell, Horace became desperately despairing, and he began to almost wish that he had fallen in with the bold plan for his escape which the veiled lady had proposed.

Even if he had by so doing sacrificed all chance of establishing his innocence, the young girl whom he loved might have been warned against Carton in time.

And Horace was chivalrous enough to make almost any sacrifice in behalf of sweet Ethel Maynard.

But fate was evidently determined to turn a smiling face upon the boy actor, after placing him under the shadow of her frowns for a time.

At length, the door of his cell opened, and the keeper who regarded the young prisoner in a rather shame-faced way, ushered Tony Tripton into the narrow, little room.

"Ah, me boy, so I find you in durance vile! But cheer up! Richard shall soon be himself again!" cried the volatile actor,

grasping Horace's hands and fairly embracing the lad.

"Your note reached me by a messenger boy, but now, and on my way here, I fell in with the very witness I wanted, though he be a variety performer, one of the class who has driven the legitimate to the dogs," added old Tony, without allowing his overjoyed boy pupil to utter a word.

"The lady must have entrusted my note to the messenger boy. Oh, Tony, I thank you for coming so promptly!" began Horace, and then he poured the whole story of his arrest into the eagerly listening ears of the actor.

Tony punctuated the recital with exclamations of indignation, and when Horace had presently related all about the visit of the mysterious veiled lady, the veteran thespian exclaimed:

"It's a shame and an outrage! So Carton means to deceive your little sweetheart? It shall not be! As to the veiled woman, I am as much mystified as you are. But the evidence of Sam Field, the variety actor, will clear you."

"How so! Oh, explain all, Tony!"

"Well, you see, Sam Field was there—in the café I mean—when you had the little scrap with Carton, and Sam will swear that he saw the fellow who was talking with Carton, slip the pocket-book in your pocket! Ha! there's a climax for you! Like the curtain scene of a play, eh? Judge Brooks has granted me a hearing in your behalf, and accepted bail in your case. Bronson Lewis, the dramatist, is on your bond, and you will be free presently."

Horace was deeply moved. Tears came into his eyes, and his voice was broken with emotion as he thanked the old actor.

Tony Tripton made no idle promise when he declared that Horace would soon be free.

Half an hour later the boy actor was released, and he had the certain assurance that he would soon be cleared, even from the shadow of suspicion, for Tony had secured the arrest of the fellow who was evidently the accomplice of Carton in the attempt to make Horace out to be a thief.

Leaving Tony as soon as he was clear of the police station, the lad hastened toward the home of Ethel Maynard.

He reached the door of the house in which the young girl made her home and hastily rang the bell.

The door was opened by Ethel herself, and what was the joy and delight of the boy actor one can readily imagine when it is stated that the young girl hastily said:

"Oh, Horace! My brave, true Horace, whom I have treated so badly! How can I thank you for breaking a strange spell of fascination and saving me from a wicked man?"

### CHAPTER V.

#### HORACE HAS A FISTIC ENCOUNTER.

THE young lovers were presently alone, and when a tender scene of reconciliation had ensued between them, and Ethel had assured him that she had never really cared for Carton, who had merely exerted a sort of mesmeric fascination over her, and played upon her ambition to become an actress, the lad asked:

"Did a lady give you my note of warning?"

"Yes, a tall, beautifully dressed lady, who was closely veiled."

"Did she say anything?"

"Merely that you had sent the note which she gave me."

"And you did not see her face?"

"No. She did not enter the house. I met her at the door, and as soon as she had placed your note in my hand, she hastened to enter a waiting carriage, which was driven away as soon as she had taken her place in it."

"That lady is a very mysterious personage."

"How did you come to know her?"

"I do not know her."

"But you entrusted your all-important note to her."

"I'll explain that."

The lad did so, and incidentally he related all about his arrest and subsequent liberation.

"What a scoundrel Ralph Carton is! Oh, could I have allowed myself to be so deceived by him! But you have saved me! Oh, how good you are to forgive me! Carton agreed to call for me at eight to take me to—a minister," said Ethel blushing, and evidently consumed with remorse.

"At eight!" exclaimed Horace, glancing at the clock on the mantel. "It's almost eight now!"

"So it is! Carton may come at any moment! Oh, Horace! You must not meet him. He would try to harm you. You must go. Leave me to dismiss the villain forever," said Ethel, anxiously.

"No, no! I cannot leave you. Carton is capable of any villainy and you may need a protector," replied the lad, resolutely.

Just then there came a ring at the door. "Step in here!" said Ethel, opening a door. "I believe Carton is at the door now!"

"But, Ethel, I—"

"For my sake do as I request. I know it is not best that you should meet your enemy here," interrupted the young girl.

And Horace suffered her to push him into the adjoining apartment. She closed the door and went to the street portal. In a moment Horace heard Carton's voice raised in indignant protest. It was evident that he insisted upon being received by Ethel, and that she had forbidden him to enter the house.

Ethel's voice was pitched high in excitement, and Horace heard every word she uttered as she said:

"I tell you I will not talk with you. I know your true character at last, and I thank Heaven the knowledge came in time. From this moment we are strangers. You must never speak to me again. Now go, you villain!"

"Foolish girl! Do you think you can get rid of me in this way? Someone has poisoned your mind against me. You may have heard from the boy actor, who tried to be your sweetheart before I came upon the scene. But you should not credit the words of a thief," retorted Carton.

Horace waited to hear no more. Carried away by righteous indignation, he rushed out of the apartment to which he had retired at Ethel's solicitation, and the next moment he was in the hall, where the young girl whom he so dearly loved was confronted by the scoundrel who had sought to brand him with a crime of which he was innocent.

At that moment Carton made a start at Ethel, and seized her by the arm, exclaiming:

"You shall not leave me until you have heard all I have to say."

Ethel uttered an alarmed cry, and struggled to free herself from Carton's detaining grasp.

The next instant Horace grasped Carton by the collar and hurled him away from Ethel.

The fellow reeled, and would have fallen to the floor had he not come in contact with the wall.

Horace placed himself before Ethel, and pointed at the door, saying:

"Go, you cur! Get out of this house at once, and if you ever attempt to annoy this lady again, you will have to answer to me!"

"Answer to you, eh? Answer to you, you pick-pocket! I'll answer to you now, by thrashing you within an inch of your life!" roared Carton, who seemed much astonished at beholding the lad there, when he supposed he was in a cell at the police station.

It has been shown that the boy actor was an athlete, and his success in stopping the runaway team of Bronson Lewis, the dramatist, proved that he knew how to use his strength fearlessly.

Merely smiling at Carton's threat, Horace placed himself in a fighting attitude, as the enraged actor came at him.

The lad knew that the art of boxing was an accomplishment universally popular among Englishmen, and he scarcely doubted that Carton knew something about the art of self-defense.

Indeed, Carton put up his fists in a way which served to show that he was at least familiar with the rudiments of the manly art.

Ethel sprang between Horace and Carton, as the latter advanced at his boyish rival.

There was such a great disparity in their size, and Horace looked so frail and boyish beside the burly English actor that Ethel was terrified. Indeed, it seemed that the brave American youth had no chance of successfully resisting his enemy.

Carton was no doubt sure of this, for his dark face assumed an expression of brutal exultation.

Hurling Ethel out of his way, he cried out:

"Down upon your knees and beg my pardon if you want me to leave a whole bone in your body!"

"Coward! coward! He is only a boy, and you are a man of more than twice his size!" cried Ethel.

"Never mind that, Ethel, dear, I think I can give him as good as he sends. He's a big, hulking loafer, I admit, but size don't always count!" said Horace, with such cool assurance that Ethel began to take courage.

As for Carton he seemed quite taken back.

Evidently he thought threats and bluster would go a long way with a mere boy like Horace.

The latter's blood was up now, and he meant to, if possible, give the English rascal some of the punishment which he richly deserved.

Horace's last taunting words served to make Carton rush at him incautiously. He struck at the lad's head. The youth ducked just as the boxing-master at the school gymnasium had taught him to do.

Very neatly he avoided the heavy flat of his enemy, and in return he swung his right fist full on the jaw of the big Englishman.

Perhaps there was a good deal of luck in

it, but the lad's blow landed fairly in the right place, and Carton crashed down upon the floor.

But he staggered to his feet in a moment.

Again he came at Horace fiercely, and in his rage he was as incautious as before.

Once more Horace evaded his rush, and stopped him with a heavy blow full in the face.

Just then two young men, evidently mechanics, and brawny young fellows at that, who were in their working clothes, came in at the front door.

The new arrivals were the sons of the widowed lady with whom Ethel made her home. Seeing them, the young girl cried out:

"Oh, Jack! Oh, Tom! I'm so glad you've come! Won't you put this ruffian out of the house?" and she indicated Carton.

Now, Jack and Tom knew Horace, and were friendly to him.

"Cert, Miss Ethel. We'll bounce him in a minute," said one of the young men.

The succeeding moment Carton was seized by the two stout young American mechanics, and despite his struggles they rushed him to the door, and threw him into the street.

As the discomfited actor flew through the door, he shouted savagely:

"I'll make you pay for this, Ethel Maynard, and as for the boy upstart I'll crush him! I'll ruin him before the footlights and behind the scenes!"

The slamming of the door by one of the young mechanics, cut short any further threats which Carton might have meant to utter.

A little later Horace parted with Ethel and hastened to his home, where he found his mother anxiously awaiting his coming, though she heard nothing of his arrest.

## CHAPTER VI.

### HORACE'S FALL FROM THE LADDER.

HORACE was a thoughtful and considerate lad, and he knew his mother would be much worried if he told her of his recent troubles. She looked so happy over his home coming that he determined to say nothing to trouble her.

So, instead of relating how he had been unjustly accused and arrested, he hastened to tell of his success at the first rehearsal of Bronson Lewis' great melodrama in which he was soon to make his debut.

Of course the fond mother was delighted with his report of how the rehearsal had gone off, and she kissed him, saying with pardonable maternal pride:

"I am sure you will succeed, my brave boy."

Horace dreamed of triumphs on the stage that night, and the following morning he awoke more determined than ever to merit success by hard study and attention to the details of the arduous profession in which even natural genius does not attain eminence without much effort.

Tony Tripton called at Horace's home early in the day, and together they proceeded to the police court at Jefferson Market.

As they entered at the Sixth avenue portal of the court-room they saw Ralph Carton.

The English actor glanced at them frowningly, but said nothing as he preceded them into the court-room.

Horace's case was soon called, and it was promptly disposed of. Tony Tripton produced his witness—the variety actor previously alluded to—and he swore that he saw the fellow who was Carton's companion at the cafe, place the pocket-book in Horace's pocket. He was corroborated by other witnesses, and finally, when the fellow who had been arrested at Tony's instance was placed upon the stand, he broke down and confessed.

But it seemed that Carton must have bribed or intimidated him, for he said that he had picked Carton's pocket, and then put the stolen purse in Horace's pocket because he feared detection, and merely sought to save himself at the expense of the lad.

Carton was cunning, and he said upon the stand that he now believed the truth had been told by the self-confessed thief, and with an air of virtuous magnanimity declared that he regretted the innocent boy had been unjustly accused.

So the outcome of the brief trial was that Horace was promptly acquitted, but the lad and his friends regretted that Carton had managed to pose only as an honest accuser.

The boy actor and his friends left the court-room in triumph, and as they gained the street Tony Tripton said to the lad in earnest tones:

"You have beaten Carton this time, but if I am any judge of character he is a vindictive and revengeful man, and hereafter you must be upon your guard against him constantly, for I doubt not he will attempt to do you further injury."

Horace assured the old actor that he would not neglect his warning, and they soon parted.

But before they separated where their homeward ways diverged, Horace's friend said:

"Rehearsal is called for two o'clock this afternoon. Do not fail to attend, and be prompt."

Horace assented, and before two o'clock he was in the "green room" of the Avenue Theater.

In this play house the green room, which was really merely a wide passage between the actors' dressing-rooms under and at the rear of the spacious stage, was provided with a number of chairs and large, convenient mirrors, in which the artists could take a final look at themselves before going on the stage.

The green room was the meeting place and waiting-room of the Avenue Company, and there they assembled between the acts, waiting to be called to the stage by the call-boy, whose duty it was to announce each act before the curtain rose.

The story of Horace's arrest and Carton's part in it had become known to the theatrical company through the gossip of Tony Tripton and the vivacious Sallie Sailor before Horace arrived at the theater that day.

When he entered the green room most of the company had already arrived and were waiting the stage manager's summons to the stage.

But Carton had not yet put in an appearance when Horace came into the green room.

At once he found himself in the position of a hero among the kind-hearted thespians. Sallie Sailor pounced upon him in her impulsive way, and shook him by both hands.

Tony Tripton and the others gathered about him, and he was greeted with all sorts of compliments and friendly assurances.

In the midst of this Carton came in, and without a word of greeting to any one, and showing a frowning face upon all present, he stalked to his dressing-room, entered and slammed the door.

No one had spoken to Carton, and when he found himself alone in the dressing-room he muttered, savagely:

"So these American actors mean to ostracize me it seems. They are all on the boy's side, but he shall find in spite of that, that Ralph Carton is a bad man to antagonize. I won't give up the girl yet, and I'll be true to my determination to ruin the boy actor. But, confound him, he has talent, and he'll make a hit in his part the first night of the public production of the new drama, unless I can prevent it. How can I do that?"

Carton began to pace up and down the dressing-room which was, by the way, the best one in the theater, such as is usually given to the leading actor.

The brows of the actor became contracted and he seemed to think deeply, but at length his brow cleared, and he seemed to have hit upon some plan against Horace which gave him much satisfaction.

Striking his fist upon the dressing table, he muttered:

"I have it, and I'll do it. Horace Brandon shall not appear on the night of the first public production of the new drama! No, he shall disappoint the manager and the public. And I mean that the result shall be his prompt discharge from the company."

A few moments later the shrill voice of the call-boy sounded in the green room, as he piped out:

"Ladies and gentlemen, all up for the first act."

Carton then proceeded to the stage.

There the other members of the company were standing about with the type-written parts of the new drama in their hands, and the stage manager was seated at a small table, at the right first entrance with the book of the play before him.

Very different looked the spacious stage, and the auditorium that was dimly lighted, from the same scene at night under the brilliant lights, and with the scenery fully displayed by the footlights.

The romance and illusions of the stage seemed all to be banished, and the very ordinary looking men and women who occupied it, dressed in the street costumes, could not by any stretch of the imagination be associated with the brilliant and richly costumed personages who became the creatures of the dramatist's romantic creations when the audience witnessed the real production of the play.

In front the vast rows of orchestra and parquette, with the spacious balconies above, seemed only a dark empty vault and the fine decorations of the walls and ceilings were veiled in obscurity.

The shadowy forms of the scrub women at work in the body of the theater looked vague and unreal, and the whole atmosphere of the play house was dull and depressing.

The rehearsal began at once, and the actors read their parts, and went through the action or business of the play, as it is designated in the profession.

The action in the second act demanded that Horace should run up a frail ladder,

lift a little girl out of the window of a burning house, and carry her down the ladder to safety.

Carton's part demanded that he should be absent from the stage during this exciting scene, and some time before it. Leaving the stage before Horace's time came to ascend the ladder, the English actor crept behind the scenes, where stood the ladder. A stage carpenter's chest stood open beside it. Carton's evil face glowed as he seized a saw and, using it softly, almost severed the ladder at its middle place. Shortly after that the ladder was put in place on the stage, and no one noticed that it had been tampered with.

When he received the proper cue, Horace started to run up the ladder and Carton, standing in the wings watched him, believing that the ladder would soon come crashing down upon the stage, and that the boy he hated would be killed, or severely injured by a fall from a considerable height.

All unsuspecting of his danger the boy actor simply mounted higher and higher. But suddenly the frail support gave way, and fell crashing down upon the stage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IF YOU WANT ANY WAR-SHIP BUTTONS SEE GRAND OFFER ON 16th PAGE.

[This story commenced in No. 196.]

## THE NINE IN BLUE:

OR,

### The Boy Champions of the Diamond Field.

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Author of "The Little Boss," "Tom and the Tiger," "That Boy Bob," "The Boy Contractor," "A Sawdust Prince," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE BATTLE OF THE PITCHERS.

THE rush of the mob was irresistible. It swept the police and the two Nines completely away, and the wildest excitement ever seen on a baseball field ensued. The police vainly tried to restore order. The pitcher for the Crickets quickly disappeared and sought shelter outside the inclosure. Hal Myrick, however, rallied the members of his Nine close by the benches and ordered them to defend themselves with their bats. It seemed, however, that the anger of the mob was not directed against them. They were angry with the Crickets' pitcher, as the majority of them had bet little sums on the game, believing that he would pitch the Nine in Blue out with the greatest ease. When he failed to do so, and was being batted all over the field, some of them declared that he had been bought off, and they believed it.

"Where is he? Where is he?" they yelled all over the field. "Let me get at him!"

The mob kept possession of the field for at least a quarter of an hour, by which time most of the yelling had ceased. The umpire mounted on one of the benches and called out to the mob in a good-natured sort of way:

"Now, boys, you've had your fun, get off the field now and let the game go on!"

"Not with that pitcher!" yelled a strong-lunged man in the crowd.

"I've nothing to do with that," said the umpire. "Just get off the field and let the Crickets put in a substitute pitcher if they wish."

The crowd, however, showed no disposition to abandon the field, and the umpire called upon the police to clear it.

"Stand back now, men; get out of the way," commanded the sergeant in charge of the squadron of police, "or we'll bat your heads for balls!"

The crowd dispersed, leaving the field clear again for the two Nines.

"Now," said the umpire, looking at his watch and then at the Long Island City Nine, "what are you fellows going to do for a pitcher?"

"Give us five minutes, umpire," sung out the captain of the Crickets, "and we'll find a substitute."

Just then somebody in the crowd called to the captain, who went over to see what he wanted. He held a whispered conversation with the man for about a minute, who finally beckoned to another back in the crowd, who quickly joined him. After a few words with the stranger the captain of the Crickets returned with him to the field. The members of his Nine gathered around him and held a whispered consultation lasting about another minute, after which he reported to the umpire, saying:

"We are ready to play," and the newcomer entered the box, where he was

greeted with a roar of applause from the Long Island crowd.

As the game then stood the Nine in Blue had five runs to their credit, while the Crickets had none.

"Say, Myrick," sung out somebody from the grand stand, "you want to look out now; they're putting up a job on you."

"What sort of a job?" called out Myrick.

"That pitcher is a professional."

A roar of angry protests went up from the Long Island City rooters, over a score of whom threatened to go up on the grand stand and smash the fellow's head if he didn't shut up.

"Oh, that's all right!" sung out Hal.

"Play ball!" called the umpire.

The new pitcher threw off his coat and vest, whilst Will Durham went to the bat. He pitched a fair ball, but Will missed it, and it landed in the catcher's hands.

"One strike!" called out the umpire. The second ball was but a repetition of the first.

"Two strikes!"

The Nine in Blue were watching with deepest interest.

"Say, Will!" called out Mickey, "hit 'er this time," but Will fanned the air and the catcher failed to stop the ball.

Quick as a flash Will dashed to first base, where he landed safely.

"Oh, that's good as a hit," sung out Mickey, as Hans Ulmer took up the willow. But Hans was quickly pitched out, and the Nine went to the field.

Again a voice called out from the grand stand that the Crickets' new pitcher was a professional, and many angry threats were made by the Long Island City rooters to smash the fellow's head if he didn't shut up.

"That's all right," sung out Hal. "We don't care if he is a professional. He's only one of the Nine. Professionals are not the best ball players in the world."

He went into the box, whilst Joe put on the mask and gloves.

The first man at the bat was pitched out as easily as Hans had been, for they had not yet got onto the peculiar twist and zig-zag course which Hal gave to his balls.

The second one shared the same fate, whereat the vast crowd yelled and cheered to the intense disgust of the backers of the Crickets, whose captain suggested to his substitute pitcher that he go to the bat.

He did so, and after missing two balls, smashed a high one that landed in Mickey Finn's hands, thus retiring the Nine without their having made a single base.

"Whoop!" yelled Mickey, "he's a professional, is he? Bedad, but it's dead easy he is."

The roaring of the big crowd was particularly exasperating to the Long Island City fellows, who remained sullenly silent.

As the Nine in Blue went to the bat they received an ovation. Tom Miller was the first to take up the willow, and quickly had two strikes called on him; but the third ball he bunted, and made a dash to first.

He got there just in the nick of time amid a good deal of laughter.

Phil Drake followed, and was pitched out. But Dick, after fanning the air once, made a splendid hit, sending the ball away out to left field and Miller to second, resting at first himself.

Jack then took up the willow, but was pitched out. Mickey followed and met a like fate, whereat the Crickets howled with exultation.

"What's the matter with you fellows?" asked Mickey. "Are you laughing over your nest of goose eggs?"

"Oh, you just wait, you little runt!" called out one of the Crickets. "We're just getting onto you fellows."

"Well, you haven't got on yet," retorted Mickey, "for you make more fuss over a rotten goose egg than anybody I ever saw."

The Nine in Blue went to the field again, and as Hal entered the box a girlish voice was heard calling out to him from among the mascots:

"Now, Hal, pitch them right out again!"

Hal looked around, and saw Elsie Lane shaking a bouquet of roses at him.

"I will if you'll help me," said he.

"We'll all help you," she replied, and at that the entire bevy of pretty mascots rose to their feet, waving bouquets of red and white roses.

It was a beautiful sight, which the big crowd appreciated by uproarious cheering. The first man at the bat was quickly pitched out, and the second one following met the same fate in short order.

"Oh, you darlins," sung out Mickey, kissing both hands at the mascots. "You're all big lumps of sugar! Shure, an' if you do that again I'll ate every lump ov ye!"

The third man at the bat showed great nervousness, for while they were familiar with the curves of the average pitcher they couldn't get on to the uncertain zig-zag course of Myrick's balls.

Hal delivered him a dizzy one, and he fanned the air.

Joe caught the ball, and returned it to the pitcher.

The second one was even more dizzy than the first, and the batsman more rattled. Again Joe sent it back to Hal, who was about to deliver it again, when Mickey sung out to the mascots:

"Now, darlins, put a twist on that ball that'll make the batsman cross-eyed look-in' fer it."

Everybody in the vast audience seemed to hold his breath as the sphere went through the air like an aerial corkscrew.

Swish! went the bat, and "spat" said the ball, as it landed in the catcher's hands, and again the Crickets were sent to the field.

"Oh, glory!" sung out Mickey, turning a handspring on the way to the home plate; "look at the mascots? Did the world ever see such beauties?" and he threw kisses to each of the nine girls, who amidst uproarious laughter and applause resumed their seats to hide their blushing faces behind the huge bouquets of flowers.

The Crickets were rattled, for they plainly saw that while their substitute pitcher was able to pitch out the Nine in Blue, Myrick was equally efficient in putting them out. It began to look as though neither side would be able to make another run, and that the score already made would give the game to the Nine in Blue.

It was then that many sports began slipping around through the Long Island City crowd, quietly looking for bets and giving odds; but the backers of the Crickets had already put up their money, so that but few more bets were made. Yet some of them pretended to believe that the Crickets would soon get on to Myrick's pitching and pull them through.

Before going to the bat the Nine in Blue ran over to their mascots, and each received fresh roses from the girls. Elsie Lane was blushing happy and radiant with smiles, as she pinned a red and white rose on the breast of Hal's blue shirt.

"You pitched that game grandly," said she.

"It was you who did it," he replied, "and I'm going to do that every time, if you'll help me as you did then."

"I'll do my best," said she, as he turned away to go to the box.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE GREAT GAME WITH THE CRICKETS.

THE Nine in Blue held the score down to 5 to 0 up to the beginning of the ninth inning, in spite of all the good pitching of the professional pitcher who had volunteered to help the Crickets out; but they had not been able to add another run to it. It was well and truly a battle of the pitchers, and the excitement in the crowd was almost at fever heat.

The Crickets went to the bat at the beginning of the inning, and the first ball delivered was smashed away out to center field, to the very great surprise of even Hal himself. Before it could be stopped and fielded he reached second base, amidst the wildest sort of cheering from the Crickets' backers. But the next man at the bat fanned the air three times without so much as touching the ball. The third one smashed it well out to left field, where Dick Darley stopped it, but it got away from him, and he and Jack Mason collided in an effort to field it, thus retarding the sending of it home several precious seconds.

The base runner was a sprinter, and ran for all he was worth, passing over the home plate on his stomach, making the first run for the Crickets in the game.

The Long Island City crowd went wild over the run, shouting and yelling like lunatics, while the members of the Nine shook hands with the successful runner.

"Won't somebody give 'im a stick uv candy!" sung out Mickey, "shure an' talent loike that ought to be encouraged."

The next at the bat had two strikes called on him, and everybody seemed to hold his breath as he stood waiting for the third ball, but by the merest accident he smashed out a hot grounder that fairly scorched the grass on its way out to left field.

He, too, was a sprinter, and dashed on for second base, which he reached in a tremendous slide just as the ball landed in Hans Ulmer's hands, and again pandemonium broke loose among the backers of the Crickets.

The fourth man at the bat was easily pitched out, and the one that followed had two strikes called on him, and the fate of the Nine seemed to hang on the next ball to be delivered.

It went at him like an aerial corkscrew, and he struck blindly. But he smashed it away out to right field, and the man at second sprinted for third. As the ball was sailing through the air towards the home plate he dashed forward with a tremendous spurt, arriving at the goal at the same time as the ball. But it was so close when Joe touched him with the ball that it was extremely difficult for any one to

see whether or not he had touched the plate before the ball touched him.

Both sides called for judgment, but the umpire, who was standing close by, keenly watching every move, called:

"Out!"

"Not a bit of it!" yelled a strong-lunged man, among the Long Island City fellows; and again a wild rush of the mob swept over the field.

"We won't have it!" they yelled. "He is safe! He is safe!"

Hal Myrick sprang upon the bench, and called out:

"Let them have it! Let them have it!"

The police used their clubs vigorously in trying to drive the mob off the field, and many a head was soundly thumped. But as hundreds had heard Hal call out to the umpire to let them have it, many of them retired without further urging, and after some minutes quiet was restored.

"Captain Myrick," called out the umpire, "that fellow was out, but if you are willing to let them have it, I will so rule."

"All right, Mr. Umpire, we can afford to be generous, but it is the last run we intend to let them make."

He went into the box again and made good his threat by pitching out the next man who took up the willow. That practically settled the game with a score of 5 to 2 in favor of the Nine in Blue, amid the wildest cheering from the vast crowd.

The rest of the inning with the Nine in Blue at the bat was simply an effort on the part of the pitcher to show his skill in the box.

Hal told his team to do their best, as though they had the game yet to win, and they did, only one of them being pitched out. But two were put to sleep on bases.

Thus ended the great game, which had caused more excitement than any other during the week.

As soon as the game was finished, Hal went to the captain of the Crickets and asked if the man who had pitched for them was a professional.

"He used to be, but is not now," was the reply.

"What is his name?" Hal asked.

"Really I don't know, but I'll try to find out for you," and he went away as if to do so. He failed, however, to return, and Hal became fully convinced that he did not intend to reveal the identity of the stranger.

He lost no time in making his way over to the bevy of girls who had acted as mascots for the boys, where he thanked each one of girls for adding interest to the game and helping them out with it.

"I never saw such beautiful pitching in my life," said Elsie Lane, as she congratulated him upon his victory.

"Oh, it is your work," he laughingly replied.

"No, indeed," she protested; "everybody gives you credit for it. I am not so superstitious as to believe that a mascot has anything to do with the game, except in a sentimental sense."

"Neither am I where mascots in general are concerned, but when a fellow's mascot is a pretty girl, whose smile he is anxious to win, I do believe in it, for then a man throws his heart and soul into his work when nothing else on earth could make him do so. If you girls will stick to us until the end of the week we'll win every game and treat you all to a splendid dinner."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed one of the girls, "we will do that and help you all we can to win."

A great crowd had gathered around the Nine and their mascots, including many people from Patchogue, the home of the Nine in Blue team. The Patchogue girls, though, were angry with the boys for retaining the Riverhead girls as their mascots, so they would not come about them or have anything to do with them. The Patchogue boys, though, were there to admire the mascots, and many of them asked to be introduced. They had a jolly time, and an hour or so after the game ended the boys escorted their mascots to the train and saw them safely aboard. Elsie Lane again invited Hal to return with them to Riverhead and spend the night there, promising to bring him back again safely the next day, but he refused the invitation to go, saying that it was necessary for him to remain with the team and do a little practice the next morning.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE MAN WHO LOST.

AS soon as the train left with the mascots, the entire Nine went to the office of the superintendent of the fair grounds, to ascertain from him the name of the next team they would play against, and learned that it was a crack Nine from Hempstead.

"And I look for you boys to lose the game," said the superintendent, "for they have beaten two Nines that were made up of professionals."

"We're not afraid of them," said Hal.

"I hope you won't be," returned the superintendent, "and I will also say that I hope you will win the game, for you boys

have behaved well and put up such a good game that thousands of people have visited the fair, who otherwise would not have attended."

"I am glad to hear that, sir, and I promise you that we'll do our level best to beat Hempstead, but I hope they won't have such a crowd as we had here to-day."

"Oh, there's no danger of that," returned the superintendent, "for there isn't much of a rough element in Hempstead, besides the Hempstead Nine is made up of young gentlemen who know how to behave themselves."

"Well, it was a rough crowd to-day, and at one time I thought we would have to leave the field. If I hadn't suggested to the umpire to give them that run there would have been a nasty old free fight."

"No doubt of it," assented the superintendent, "and I will see to it hereafter that we don't have any more Nines playing here made up of toughs. I think to-morrow, though, we'll have a larger crowd than ever."

"I hope so," said Hal, "for that means more money for us if we win. How much do you think the gate receipts were to-day?"

"They must have been over one thousand dollars," was the reply, "for I'm quite sure there were over ten thousand admissions."

After leaving the superintendent's office, the Nine went to the little hotel where they were stopping, retired to their rooms, washed up, and put off their baseball suits, after which they went down and sat on the piazza to talk with acquaintances and cool off. They were talking with some of the officers of the fair association, while quite a number of strangers were standing around listening. One of them was a burly fellow with a huge black mustache, and wore a plug hat and sack coat. He seemed anxious to hear everything that was said, but for half an hour or so made no remark to any one out on the piazza until he was joined by half a dozen other fellows, who came out from the bar-room. Then he addressed Hal by asking him:

"Say, do you think that was a square game?"

"It was, sir," replied Hal, "so far as the Nine in Blue are concerned."

"Well, I don't," said the man.

"What was wrong about it?" Hal asked in return.

"Why, the Crickets' pitcher sold out!"

"To whom?" Hal asked.

"That's what I'd like to find out," said the other, "for I'm out one hundred dollars on the game."

"Why do you think he sold out?"

"Because I know that he is a good pitcher, for I've seen him pitch many a game, and there was a lot of us backed the Crickets on his account."

"Well," said Hal, "if he sold out none of our team know anything about it, as there isn't one in the Nine that has any money with which to buy off anybody."

"Oh, we don't think that you fellows did it, but it was some blokes who were backing your Nine."

"Well, I don't know anything about that," returned Hal, "but we do know that if he didn't do his best we don't want to run up against him again, for he pitched us out worse than any other we have ever met, and that is why I'm satisfied that he did not sell out. I believe he did his best."

"Oh, that's because you do not know anything about his pitching. I don't blame you fellows, though, except to say that the game ought to be called a draw, and played over."

"Surely," said Hal, "you don't mean that?"

"Yes I do; every word of it."

"And do you really think it would be fair for us to do that?" Hal asked, as if very much astonished.

"I do."

"Well, I'm surprised, for it seems to me utterly impossible for a square man to entertain any such idea."

"Do you mean to say I'm not a square man?"

"Oh, no. I don't know anything about you, sir. I simply say that I cannot understand how a square man would look at it in the light you do."

"Well, maybe if I were to slap the face off you, you would understand it," said the fellow in rather a menacing tone of voice.

"I don't think I would," returned Hal, looking him squarely in the face, "for I am not in the habit of having my ideas or opinions changed by the force of another man's will or might."

Just at that moment Hal saw among the companions of the rough sport the face of Al Bowman, the discarded lover of Elsie Lane. He noticed too, an expression of malignant expectancy in his eyes. The impression instantly flashed through his mind that they were friends of Bowman's who were there for the purpose of making trouble. He looked about him, and found that every member of the Nine was present, ready to take part in any trouble that might turn up. But for the good opinion of the officers of the association he was de-

terminated to avoid any collision whatever as long as he could do so with any degree of self-respect.

The leader of the toughs stood there gradually working himself up for an aggressive movement.

Said he: "You boys want to go mighty slow or you'll find yourselves in the mud."

"Oh, that's all right," said Hal. "We're going along at our usual pace, not interfering with any one else, and giving nobody else any just cause to interfere with us. You are angry because you've lost your hundred dollars on the game. You are not the only man that has lost anything, but we are in no way responsible for it. Besides, betting is forbidden on the fairgrounds, anyway. I have no quarrel with you or any one else. If you think the pitcher sold out, he is the one to be called to account and no one else," and with that he turned away as if to leave the piazza with the other members of the Nine.

He had taken about three or four steps when the burly young farmer Cartwright, from Riverhead, came out from the bar-room and said:

"Hello, Myrick! Give me your hand, my boy! I'm five hundred dollars in on the game to-day."

"Glad to hear it," said Hal; "but here's a man who is a hundred dollars out, and wants to thrash the nine of us on account of it."

"He does, eh?" said Cartwright, looking around at the sports. "He can't do it while I'm about."

"I can't, eh?" growled the sport, and the next moment he made a vicious blow straight at the face of the burly young farmer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAPPY DAYS IS UP-TO-DATE IN EVERYTHING IT DOES.

[This story commenced in No. 195.]

## Sinbad the Second; OR, The Wondrous Adventures of a New Monte Cristo.

BY J. C. BRADLEY,

Author of "The Hero of the Maine," "The Lost School Ship," "Afloat With Captain Kidd," "Under the Black Flag," "Out with a School Ship," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XVI.

SINBAD'S LECTURE—STEVE MIGGS SUSTAINS A GREAT SHOCK.

"THE first view I shall present," said Sinbad, "is the ship itself, a bark, as you will see."

The lantern disclosed a gallant ship in full sail, excellently painted, sailing out of the harbor into the open sea. The audience, most of whom were boys, burst into applause.

Jacques kept his eye on Stephen Miggs, who so far seemed to be paying little attention to the exhibition. The Frenchman saw that Sinbad was regarding Mr. Miggs very keenly, and that he looked somewhat disappointed at the latter's apathy. Perhaps if Stephen Miggs had read the name "Swiftsure," which was printed in very small letters, he would not have shown such indifference.

"Now, boys," said Sinbad, "here's a picture of the captain of the bark. A fine, manly-looking skipper, is he not?"

Stephen Miggs sat bolt upright now. Jacques smiled, and Sinbad's eyes gleamed. The picture of the captain shown by the stereopticon was the living image of Saul Dexter!

Of course Sinbad's description was given in jest, for the man had villain written in every feature of his face.

"The mate—here he is," continued Sinbad, acting as lecturer, "is a worthy assistant to such a captain—a jolly jack-tar."

This time Stephen Miggs turned white and passed his hand across his brow as if he felt oppressed. He sat staring at the portrait, which was a faithful one of Richard Quince, otherwise Don Ricardo Quin, the mate of the Swiftsure.

"Haven't you some comic views?" said Stephen Miggs, speaking with an effort. "I think the boys like them better, Mr. Sinbad."

"No, no!" came voices from all parts of the room. "The ship—the ship!"

"You see, Mr. Miggs, they don't agree with you."

"So I observe," answered Steve Miggs, biting his lips. "Please the children, by all means."

"Now we'll proceed, Boys," said Sinbad, "a very important member of a crew, as

you'll know when you go to sea, is the steward of the ship. Your comfort depends on him. This is the steward of the bark."

Jacques was astounded at Sinbad's audacity. There on the lantern was Stephen Miggs looking at his living representative, who sat with pallid face staring in wonder at the picture.

"What does this mean?" he gasped in low tones. "Myself as I looked ten years ago."

"Monsieur, you don't seem well," observed Jacques.

"Yes—yes, I'm all right," returned the other hoarsely.

"Perhaps," said the Frenchman, "the picture recalls sad memories. It resembles you so much. Is it possible it can be your brother, who has since died?"

Stephen Miggs sat stupefied, unable to make any reply.

If he had looked up, the terrible expression on Sinbad's face would have appalled him.

"It is the man," muttered Sinbad, passionately. "Now to make sure."

"A ship's voyage," said Sinbad, "is not always exciting, but this one had a very eventful time. There were five passengers on board. Look at them."

Instantly was displayed a picture showing a man, a woman, two boys and a girl. Stephen Miggs half rose from his seat as if he meant to leave the hall.

"Don't go, Mr. Miggs," said Jacques, detaining him. "Recollect we are strangers here."

Stephen Miggs sank helplessly into his seat as if he had no life in him, with his eyes fixed upon the picture which seemed to fascinate him.

The view changed, and next the ship was seen laboring in a heavy sea, with a small boat riding the waves by its side. In the boat were the five passengers, extending their arms, evidently in an appeal for mercy, to the crowd of people collected at the bulwarks.

The scene was so graphic that loud shouts of approval came from the audience.

"It needs a little explanation," said Sinbad. "The boat is not putting off from a sinking ship. No, the bark is all right, but the captain, officers and crew are villains. They have discovered that the male passenger had great riches with him, so they have robbed him, and turned him and his family adrift in an open boat in a raging sea to perish."

A thrill of horror pervaded the room.

"What is that man with the cask doing, sir?" asked a small boy, one of the audience.

Sinbad's face turned livid as the question was put to him.

"That is the steward," he said, speaking very slowly, fixing his eyes on Stephen Miggs with a glance of the bitterest hate. "The poor people in the boat are without water. The steward from whom they have begged it, refuses their request, and empties a water cask before their eyes. 'There is water all round you,' he says. 'Drink it.'"

The children sat spellbound. The thrilling manner in which Sinbad explained this ocean tragedy, made it appear that he was describing something that had actually happened, and not merely the result of an artist's fancy.

During the whole of the explanation Stephen Miggs had sat like a man in a dream, neither moving nor speaking. When Sinbad bitted out the reply of the steward to the passengers, he was instantly aroused.

He sprang to his feet and bounded towards the platform, until he was only a yard or two away from Sinbad.

"Who are you?" he asked, with quivering lips. "Boy or demon; have you risen from the dead?"

"I am Sinbad the Second!"

Stephen Miggs raised his fist as if he meant to rush on the mysterious boy, but he had been so overwrought by what he had gone through, that he could endure no more, and pressing his hand to his forehead he fell in a heap on the floor.

The room was in an uproar in a moment. The younger children were frightened to death by what had happened, and all were making for the door, knowing well that the entertainment would not be resumed. Two or three men sprang towards Stephen Miggs to render him assistance.

Jacques was already bending over him, and Sinbad had jumped hastily from the platform, and was whispering in his friend's ear.

"Will he live, Jacques?"

"Yes, the fit will soon pass away."

"Thank goodness. I shall not be cheated of my revenge."

"Sir," said one of the villagers, "Mr. Miggs should be taken home. I have already sent for a doctor."

Sinbad gave Jacques a significant look which the Frenchman understood.

"I am a doctor," said Jacques, quickly.

"Your friend is safe in my hands."

"There is a carriage at the door," remarked Sinbad, a few moments later. "I

should think your patient might be taken away now."

"Certainly, it is quite safe."

"You will go with him?" said one of the villagers.

"Of course, a doctor cannot desert a sick man. Myself and my friend will not lose sight of him. Pray, gentlemen, assist me in carrying him out."

The crowd at the entrance made way for the sick man, and the driver opened the door of the coach so that he might be placed inside.

Jacques almost dropped his burden, for he had had a great surprise. The coachman was Con Cregan.

Sinbad and Jacques followed the sick man into the carriage. Con mounted the box, whipped up his horses, and away they started.

"So you knew the carriage was there, Sinbad?"

"Yes; all was prepared. If he had not fallen into a fit I should have seized him outside the hall."

"We are, of course," laughed Jacques, "taking him to his home."

"Certainly. You can hear the waves beating. We are not far away."

At this moment Con gave a shrill whistle, and instantly it was replied to.

The coach stopped.

"Where are we?"

"At the beach. Is he still unconscious, Jacques?"

"Yes."

"So much the better."

Half a dozen men stood around the door now. Stephen Miggs was lifted out, taken by these men in their arms, carried down the beach to the water, and dropped into a boat which lay there.

Sinbad and Jacques followed. So did Con Cregan, quite forgetting his horses.

"To the yacht!" shouted Sinbad. "Faith, it's for your lives, boys, ye must pull. It's meself was in a British prison once, an' begorra it's enough."

"We shall be pursued and captured."

"Jacques! Jacques! What are you saying? Is there any ship afloat can overtake the Avenger? Before the alarm can be raised and a ship sent in pursuit we shall be twenty or thirty miles away."

Ten minutes later the Avenger was rushing through the waves at a speed that defied pursuit, and Stephen Miggs, just coming to his senses, was staring around the cabin in which he had been placed, not yet sufficiently recovered to understand what had happened.

### CHAPTER XVII.

SINBAD INTERVIEWS THE PRISONER—WHAT HAPPENED AT CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.

No doubt the Avenger was pursued.

This would be certain to happen in any country with a settled government, but the yacht had a good start, and kept away from the English coast, so she saw nothing of any vessels sent after her. Before morning Sinbad was convinced that all danger was past.

"How is your prisoner, Neptune?" inquired Sinbad of the black cook as he entered the cabin.

"I jes' done gib him his breakfas' massa."

"Ah! that's right. Feed him well. Did he say anything?"

"Golly, he rabing mad."

"Raving mad, is he? Well, he'll cool down soon."

"You black t'ief," he cry. "Dat's me, massa. 'Take me to your skipper.'"

"Wants to see me, does he? Very well, bring him in at once."

Stephen Miggs had entirely recovered from the fainting fit into which he had fallen on the previous night, and met Sinbad with an insolent look on his face. He was astonished by the amazing splendor he saw on all sides, but he was plainly determined not to show it, and exhibited complete stolidity.

"You wanted to see me, Stephen Miggs. You are here, say on."

"I demand that you put me ashore."

"Ashore! Why, we are one hundred miles from land."

"Then land me at the nearest port."

Sinbad smiled mockingly.

"What! lose my friend Steve Miggs so soon after all the trouble I've had to take him on a voyage with me?"

"Parbleu!" laughed Jacques, "it's not to be thought of."

"You will suffer for this," cried the prisoner.

"How?"

"You will be captured."

"I think not. The Avenger can show a clean pair of heels to any vessel afloat."

"The English government will scour the seas till they find you."

"They will never find me."

"Never is a long day."

"Granted they do find me—what then?"

Stephen Miggs' face underwent a change. The thoughts that flitted through his mind toned down the bravado he was showing.

"You have not answered my question, Stephen Miggs," said Sinbad. "Very

well; I'll answer it for you. Now we'll suppose the Britishers capture us. It's not likely, but for the sake of argument we'll suppose it. My explanation will be a brief one. I shall say Stephen Miggs was the steward of the Swiftsure. He sent five people away from the ship in mid ocean in an open boat. That was murder—foul murder, cowardly murder. You will hang, Stephen Miggs, and nothing will save you!"

The captive clutched the table with a ghastly look on his face as he realized how utterly hopeless his situation was.

"But who are you?" asked the prisoner. "Who gave you any rights over me? I have done no wrong. I know nothing of what you have said about the Swiftsure and the people who you say were murdered."

"We shall see. You shall have every chance."

"You mean I shall be tried?"

"Yes."

"When and where?"

"Patience! You shall have a fair trial, monster that you are! Till then you are at liberty to go where you please on the ship."

Sinbad took up a book which he had been reading, as if to intimate that the interview was over.

Steve Miggs waited a moment, as if he intended to say something. Then he slunk out of the cabin quite crestfallen, a great contrast to the bold manner with which he had entered it.

At the door he half turned round and darted a glance full of hate at Sinbad.

"All is not lost yet," he muttered.

"Take care, Sinbad, or I shall kill you!"

The prisoner had anything but a pleasant time aboard the yacht, for although no restrictions were placed upon him, and he was plentifully fed, yet he found himself shunned by everybody.

He tried to get into conversation with various members of the crew, thinking he might gain some knowledge of the mysterious boy in whose power he was. But his efforts were in vain. None of the sailors would talk with him.

Jacques and Con Cregan watched him closely, fearing that he might make an attack upon Sinbad, but he seemed, as far as possible, to avoid getting near his captor.

So matters went on until the Cape Verde Islands, which are situated in the Atlantic Ocean, off the west coast of Africa, came into view.

Vessels are in the habit of coaling there, and it became necessary for the Avenger to take on a supply, for her coal bunkers were half emptied.

Sinbad, as they were making for the port, found himself near Steve Miggs. The latter, although looking anxious, had a somewhat satisfied expression on his face.

"Mr. Sinbad," he said.

"Well?"

"We shall stay here a considerable time I imagine."

"Why?"

"Because the British government will have cabled to the authorities to detain us."

"And you think you may get away? Well, hope on, if it gives you any pleasure. I have no misgivings."

True enough, before the ship had half loaded with coal, a boat came along, containing a man who, from the gold-laced uniform he wore, seemed to be in authority. He drew up alongside the ship, and coming on board, was conducted to the cabin.

There a splendid banquet was laid out, and Sinbad very politely invited the officer to partake.

It was clear that the magnificence that prevailed everywhere on the yacht, had made its effect felt. The official bowed low to the boy Sinbad, as if he was talking to an emperor.

He did not reply for a moment to Sinbad's invitation, seeming somewhat confused.

"I came here on a very different errand, sir," he said. "In fact, on a matter of business."

"Dinner first," laughed Sinbad, gayly. "Afterwards as much business as you please."

It seemed impossible to refuse such a courteous invitation, so the official sat down without making any further protests.

He could scarcely eat for astonishment. The table was loaded with dishes and plates, most of them made of solid gold, and the wine, of which he was a judge, was the choicest he had ever tasted.

"You are admiring that glass," said Sinbad, as he noticed his guest holding it to the light.

"Yes, I admit it. In what country do they make such beautiful glass?"

"It is not glass," answered Sinbad, carelessly. "It is a crystal hollowed out. I have a large number of them. But come, I don't wish to hurry you. We are alone now; let us dispose of the business on which you came to see me."

"Really, I hardly know what to say. I'm afraid I've made a mistake. I have re-

ceived instructions to look out for a yacht called the Avenger."

"The Avenger! Ah! I know nothing of that."

"What is the name of your vessel, sir?"

"The Lady Claire. You will see that for yourself."

Sinbad had foreseen this visit, and he had taken precautions. The name Avenger had been painted out, and that of Lady Claire substituted.

"But what is this yacht, Avenger, wanted for?"

"The owner has committed some great crime against the British laws."

"Ha! Ha! don't flatter me, but do I look like the perpetrator of a dreadful crime?"

"No, no, but still—"

"What?"

"Your yacht answers the description sent me."

"A beautiful stone this," said Sinbad, changing the conversation with startling abruptness, indicating an immense brilliant which glittered on his finger as he spoke.

"It is superb."

"Take it, put it on your own finger. You will be able to judge it better so."

The official looked at it covetously, and as he was about to hand it back, Sinbad prevented him from doing so.

"Oblige me by keeping it, sir," said Sinbad. "It seems to me it even looks better on your hand than on mine, don't you agree with me?"

The official, overwhelmed with the magnificence of the gift, stammered out his thanks.

"How foolish of me," he said. "I was about to arrest your ship. What could have possessed me to make such a terrible mistake?"

"The best of men make them."

They were at the gangway now, and the visitor bade Sinbad a cordial good-by. Then he went off in his boat.

Steve Miggs was looking on, and was surprised at the termination of the visit, the object of which he had surmised.

"You are disappointed," said Sinbad.

"I do not understand it."

"The explanation is simple. Every man has his price."

That same night with loaded bunkers the Avenger was once more on its way.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MANDARIN, HUNG LU—A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

The Avenger sailed on its long voyage, rounding Cape Horn, and then on through the Pacific in a northwesterly direction without any incident of an exciting nature to disturb the monotony of the journey.

"It's Eldorado we'll be seeing soon, masther," said Con.

"We shall stop before we get there."

"Shure, an' ye're not goin' huntin' for any more spalpeens."

"No, but I'm going into the fate of our Chinese friend, Hung Lu. You recollect we left him on an island inhabited by savages."

"Parbleu! if we find his bones it's all we can expect."

"I don't agree with you, Jacques."

"You think we may find his clothes, too, because they're not eatable?"

"More than his bones and his clothes. Hung Lu himself is there alive and well in my opinion, probably king of the island by this time."

"That cannot be. Why should they spare him?"

"Because he escaped from us. They saw that. We are their enemies in their opinion, therefore Hung Lu is their friend."

"Masther, it's a great brain ye have, anyway."

"Oh, I don't maintain I'm right, but my views are probable enough to make it worth our while to search the island. This mandarin is Saul Dexter beyond a doubt. What! d'you think I'm going to allow the captain of the Swiftsure to escape me?"

"It's a dangerous job ye're settin' us."

"If you're afraid, say so and stay behind."

"Is it Con Cregan's afraid? Shure, there's only one thing in the world makes me shake."

"What's that, Con?"

"It's a glass of cold wather, masther. I'm like a horse, ye can take me to the wather, but ye can't make me drink."

Sinbad and Jacques laughed loudly at Con, and the latter hurried away to attend to his duties on deck.

"We shall be off the island to-morrow, Jacques."

"So soon?"

"Yes. We'll land at once."

"And may we have good luck."

"Let's hope so. Till to-morrow, Jacques, good-night."

"Good-night, masther."

Sinbad slept very little. His sleep was disturbed by dreams in which Dick Quince, Saul Dexter and Claire figured. He never ceased to wonder what had become of the girl, and he was very anxious as to her safety.

As soon as day broke the appearance of the island two miles away confirmed Sinbad's assertion.

Sinbad was on deck giving his orders and getting everything ready for the landing.

"You must run the Avenger as close in as you can go, Con," he said.

"Faith, it's mighty deep wather hereabouts."

"So much the better. All the men who stay on the yacht must keep a close watch on the island, so as to be ready to fire and drive the natives back, if they come too near."

"Who's to see to the ship. Shure, it's Con Cregan's who's not going to stay behind an' lose all the illigant fun."

"That's all fixed. Jacques will remain in command, and keep his eye on the prisoner as well. Lower the boats. We will start at once."

In less than ten minutes two boats, containing eight men in one and ten in the other, were on their way to the island.

They ran on to the sand, and instantly their occupants sprang out and pulled them up high and dry.

Then the search parties proceeded on their way, one under Con, the other commanded by Sinbad himself. Each party sent forward a couple of scouts as a precautionary measure.

For hours they plodded on, and noon came and not a living soul had been seen. Sinbad was uneasy.

"It means an ambush," he muttered.

He recalled the scouts, and cautioned them afresh to move forward warily.

"We have traversed two-thirds of the island," said Sinbad, "and have seen none of the savages. My lads, they are in hiding. Be careful."

Soon after a halt was made. Here were traces of the savages. Large black patches on the ground marked the spots where great fires had been lighted, and many bones were found.

"Horrible!" gasped Sinbad, as a sickening feeling came over him.

His knowledge of anatomy was sufficient to tell him that the bones were those of human beings, and it was evident that the cannibals had held a feast recently.

On the shore, near where the feast had taken place, were several old canoes in a dilapidated state, and close at hand was a quantity of wreckage which had the appearance of not having lain there long.

Whilst Sinbad and his party were pursuing their investigations they were startled to hear a wild cry proceeding from the wooded portion of the island.

"The cannibals!" shouted one man, turning pale at the thought.

"Get behind these canoes, men," shouted Sinbad. "Here we can make a stand for our lives. Besides, we can be seen from the yacht, which is a very good thing for us."

More shouting reached their ears, and at length the cries were quite sustained, and even seemed to constitute a tune.

Then a few minutes later a number of men emerged from the wood.

"Why, it's Con."

"He's singing, 'Marching through Georgia.'"

"Ha—ha! What's the meaning of it. Hello! they're bringing something along with them. Why, it's a man!"

"Faith, an' it's Santa Claus I'm jist after finding. Ah! it's the beautiful whiskers he's wearing."

Sinbad and his men refrained from laughing at the poor creature who was with Con Cregan's party, though he presented a strange and even ludicrous sight.

His beard was down to his waist, and his hair hung down his back. Both beard and hair were quite white, and in contrast the swarthy face seemed even darker than it actually was. He was clothed to the waist in garments made of skins, and wore a hat made of leaves with a very wide brim.

"But he's not a savage!" cried Sinbad in amazement, after a close scrutiny. "How came you on this island, my friend? Speak! you have nothing to fear from us."

"All gone—all gone!" muttered the old man.

"Gone! Who?"

"All gone!"

"Shure, it's the only words he knows, masther. It's himself's been telling me that all the time."

"His brain's weak, poor creature," said Sinbad, sympathetically. "I daresay he's gone through terrible hardships. Still, there's sense in what he says. 'All gone,' are his words. Con, he means that the savages have deserted the island."

"Troth, an' it's likely!"

"It's sure. Carry him along. We'll get on board and make for Eldorado."

Jacques was greatly interested in the old man, and devoted much attention to him, trying his best to make him talk. His efforts were all failures, though under treatment the poor creature's bodily health improved, and each day he grew stronger. "Will his memory ever return, Jacques?"

"Mon ami, it is hard to say. If I knew what had caused him to lose it, Sinbad, I might be able to restore it."

"Well, take good care of him. At least he shall have every comfort."

Already Eldorado was in sight. The Avenger was steaming along under the high cliffs towards the landing place, the men keeping their eyes on the shore, watching for the people.

Suddenly, turning the point, the harbor came into view. Everyone on the Avenger gave a cry of surprise, for there, at anchor, lay a large ship.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALL COUPONS OF THE PRESENT BICYCLE CONTEST MUST REACH US NOT LATER THAN NOON OF AUGUST 13th.

[This story commenced in No. 197.]

## TALKING TOM;

OR,

## THE LUCK OF A POOR BOY.

By R. T. EMMET,

Author of "Remember the Maine," "Hal Lowe, the Boy Reporter," "The School at Burr Knob," "The Klondike Boys," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### DIGGING FOR BURIED TREASURE.

TALKING TOM was nobody; fool—that is something we want definitely understood.

The boy had started in to work out a definite problem, and being a Western boy, and a smart boy, and a level-headed boy, with nothing of the crazy enthusiasm of a treasure hunter about him, his chances of success were good.

His idea of building the shed was, of course, to keep curiosity seekers away.

Could he hope to do it?

Hardly!

Half the boys in Jericho were down around the shed the first day, poking and prying and trying to peer between the cracks, for there were no windows in the shed, but just a skylight in the sloping roof.

Tom let them peer and pry as much as they would. He kept out of the way, and waited until dark, when the last curiosity seeker had taken his departure.

It was lonely down on the flats at night, and certainly not a pleasant spot.

Besides, there were the ruins of Jericho left behind by the cyclone on everybody's mind, which gave all a lot to talk about, and after dark the boys forgot Talking Tom's new shed, and left the half-acre lot alone.

This was Tom's time, and he made the most of it.

He met Billy Bunce at the crossroad just after dark, and they went down to the shed together.

It was the first time Billy had been there, although he had seen it from a distance as he drove his butcher cart around.

Tom opened the door with his key and fastened it again on the inside, lighting a lantern before he did so.

"It's a great start this," said Billy. "I don't know, I'm sure, whether anything is going to come out of it or not."

"What about the slugs?" replied Tom. "Did we find those, or didn't we? Did I sell them to old man Gay, or didn't I? Did I get seven fifty-six in the hundreds for them, or didn't I? Say, Billy, your name ought to have been Thomas instead of mine—doubting Thomas! We have proved that there's gold down here. I ain't working on any wild goose business, you bet. The Sultan went down here. We know that, for I have seen her. Well, we know there's gold on her, too; now, then, ain't it just as plain as the nose on your face that all we've got to do to get the whole business, is to pitch right in and work like blazes? The only trouble I see about it is that we may not be able to reach the gold before Thursday, in which case old Grinder may bid in the property and hunt me off the land, and I'm blest if I know what we shall do then. What's that? Go to Colonel Crockett and tell him all about it? No, I'll be hanged if I do! I'll work it out myself or not at all. We'll dig till Wednesday night, and then if there's no success, I'll fill up the hole and burn the shed. Grinder suspects what I'm at, of course, but he'll think I didn't find anything and go to work somewhere else, and then you'll see that—"

"Oh, come, come!" broke in Billy. "Get a piece of string and tie up one side of your mouth, Tom. We'll never find the gold unless you stop your everlasting talk."

Tom laughed, and said they had better get at work at once, which they did.

The shed was built right over the gully, and Tom's first move was to dig out the earth which had caved in over the smoke stacks, something was soon accomplished, the earth being banked up along the wall of the shed.

Before commencing, Tom rigged up a block and fall. He did the digging, loading the dirt into a bucket, which Billy hoisted up and dumped. Billy was all enthusiasm after he saw the smoke pipes.

Then it became slow work, for the tough red clay was banked in about the pipes, and did not come out easy, you may be sure.

The boys worked until about two in the morning, and the next night it was the same, and the next Sunday they laid off, and Monday they began again and worked that night and Tuesday night, but without reaching the deck.

Nobody knew that Billy was in the deal, and Tom took good care to keep out of the way.

More than once they thought they heard prowlers about the shed while they worked, but they never saw anyone.

On Wednesday night it rained, and Tom was feeling nervous and blue, for the auction sale was down for the next day, and there was still no sign of the deck.

"By gracious, Billy, if we don't come to the end of these infernal smoke stacks to-night I don't know what I shall do," Tom remarked, as they started in to work.

"It can't be far," replied Billy. "I wish we'd gone down between the pipes instead of on the side of one of them the way we did, then we'd have struck the walking beam and know where we were at."

"That's so. Well, here goes for another try," replied Tom, and seizing the rope he let himself down into the hole without waiting for Billy to catch hold of the other rope, and the result was he went flying down faster than he intended and struck the bottom with a thud.

Then Tom was treated to a surprise, for the bottom suddenly caved in and down he went some five feet further, striking something decidedly hard.

"The deck at last!" he shouted, springing to his feet. "Show a light, Billy! Show a light!"

Billy seized the lantern, and bending over the hole, lowered it as far as he could.

"Is it really the deck, Tom?" he shouted.

But Tom did not answer.

His attention was riveted to a gruesome sight.

There at his feet lay a human skeleton.

It made the boy's blood run cold, and then, all in an instant, he saw something else which thrilled his heart with joy.

Close to the bony hand of the skeleton was the remains of an old bag. It had burst open, and mixed in with the rags was a pile of yellow dust.

"Gold! Gold!" shouted Tom. "By gracious, we've got it, Billy! I've struck it at last!"

### CHAPTER X.

#### IN THE SULTAN'S TREASURE ROOM.

"BILLY, Billy! We've struck it at last! There's gold here! Lots of it! Come right down! Don't wait a moment! Hooray! We're rich! We are rich!"

Up at the top of the hole around the smoke stacks, Billy Bunce could hear Tom dancing a jig on the deck, so he thought, and we are bound to admit that his thoughts did not deceive him, for that is exactly what the boy was doing.

For the yellow stuff which bulged out of the broken bag clutched by the bony hand of the skeleton was gold, the real California article brand of '49.

The tradition of the Terry family seemed likely to be fulfilled to the letter, and Talking Tom was away up in the seventh Heaven of excitement.

Talk was not sufficient to afford a full outlet to the boy's feelings. The only way he could get relief was by dancing that jig upon the deck.

"Hey, Tom, Tom! What in thunder! Have you really found the gold?" bawled Billy from above.

"You bet your sweet life I have," laughed Tom. "Whoop! Let her go! We are as rich as Jews, and old Grinder isn't in it. Come down, Billy. Come down!"

"Quit your fooling and wake up!" yelled Billy. "How am I to get down without your help?"

This very sensible question recalled Tom to himself, and he began to wonder how he was to get up to where the fall ended, but this was soon arranged, for Billy pulled up the fall and lengthened it out, acting under Tom's directions, and came down in the bucket. He almost went wild at the sight of the gold.

"But of course this ain't all, Billy," Tom began, after the first excitement had passed. "This poor wretch got on deck with his little pile in the hope of escaping. Where's the rest of the gold? That's what we want to know."

"Do you suppose we can get down into the cabin? I should suppose that the purser's office was the place to look."

"That's where you are right. Trouble is to know how to get into the purser's office. You see, there's only about six feet square of the deck exposed, and the dirt is banked in all around everywhere over the rest. Confound it! There's a month's work ahead of us before we can hope to clear a way here, and which side shall we go? The cabin stairs may be on the right, and then again they may be on the left. Of course, you see for yourself, Billy, that there's no way of telling which side they're on. If we only knew which was the stern of the steamer and which was the bow, we might have some guide to go by, but you see we don't—we don't know nothing about it, and what's more, we haven't got time to find out, for tomorrow is the day of the auction, and if we don't make our haul to-night old grinder is dead sure to get the half acre lot in his clutches, and of course the wreck of the Sultan goes with it, and the gold goes with the wreck, and—"

"Oh, drop on it—drop on it!" cried Billy. "Get a needle and thread and sew up one side of your mouth, Tom! Don't talk any more."

"Thunder! What's the matter with you?" replied Tom, in a tone of mild protest. "I ain't saying nothing, am I? Can't a fellow be allowed to speak?"

"I want to be allowed to work while there's a chance," growled Billy. "What's the matter with getting an ax, and—"

"And cutting off a couple of lengths of my tongue?" Now, Billy, don't be too hard on a fellow."

"I didn't say anything of the sort, and I didn't mean it. What's to hinder us from cutting a hole in the deck?"

"The very thing I was coming at if you'd only let me speak."

"Do you approve?"

"Yes."

"Then hoist me up and I'll come down with the ax."

Tom did so, and Billy let down the ax, and then returned himself.

Tom was already at work chopping away the deck timbers. They were as rotten as punk. There was no tumble at all in forcing his way through them.

In a few moments the boy had a large hole hewn out, and was able to look down.

It was too dark to see much, but when Tom lowered the lantern at the end of a string, he discovered that he was looking down into the main cabin of the Sultan.

It was a strange sight. Tables and chairs were strewn about, the remains of clothes, mattresses, bedding and other things, with here and there a skeleton form, to add to the horror of the scene.

"Gee whiz! They must have gone down sudden!" cried Billy. "Some of those poor wretches did not even have time to get on deck."

"I'm going down sudden," said Tom, "and don't you forget it. The sight of a few skeletons can't scare me."

It was an easy matter to drop down into the cabin, and the boys immediately did it.

As they had supposed this proved to be the main saloon. They walked from one end to the other, counting fifteen of the skeletons. It was plain that the Sultan had gone down suddenly. Tom declared it as his belief that there were more skeletons on deck, buried under the weight of earth which had settled over the wreck.

Very likely he was right, but there was no present means of proving it.

What Talking Tom wanted was to strike the clerk's office, and having found the stairway he and Billy went down to the lower deck.

Here there were no skeletons. Everything was black and decayed, and at least two feet of slimy water overspread the floor; the boys waded through it toward the little window above which was a sign bearing the word "clerk." The ground glass was closed down, but the door alongside yielded readily as Tom took hold of the knob.

"Now then, Billy," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "our time has come! Now we'll soon know whether the gold was taken off or not!"

It was a critical moment. Poor Billy scarcely dared to breathe as Tom flashed the lantern into the little office.

There was no safe—no sign of one. There was the clerk's desk, his bunk, a table, a chair and various odds and ends scattered about in the water on the floor.

"Don't look very promising," said Billy. "I don't see any gold here."

"Hold up!" said Tom. "I don't give in yet, not by a good deal. Perhaps there is a treasure room. It don't follow that there is no gold on the steamer because there is none here, and—hello! What's this?"

Tom hurried across the room and pointed to a keyhole in what appeared to be just the partition wall.

"That's a closet, sure!" he exclaimed, striking hard upon the woodwork which gave back a hollow sound. "Give us the ax, Billy! I'll blame soon rip that open.

There she goes! Now hold the lantern! Oh, Billy! Billy! My dream is realized! Here's the gold!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### GETTING OUT THE GOLD.

It was a wonderful piece of luck that had happened to Talking Tom.

From the poorest boy in Jericho he had suddenly been transformed into the richest, for the gold was there.

Yes, it was there in the clerk's little treasure room, all that Tom had anticipated and more.

There were bags upon bags of it, piled one on top of the other. Each bag had a little leather label attached, which had doubtless had the owner's name written upon it, but the water had done its work, and every label was now washed clean.

It was with feelings of awe that the boys overhauled the bags, wondering who they could have belonged to, thinking of the long days of toil and labor they represented. But there was no clew to their ownership. Perhaps the clerk had kept a record and perhaps he hadn't. At all events the books of the office could alone furnish evidence, and the clerk's desk was empty.

Had he seized his books and run on deck with them when the crisis came? Who could tell? Probably no one now living on earth.

The subsequent events of that rainy Wednesday night were always like a dream to Tom.

He and Billy toiled like slaves until early morning. To follow them through all the details of their work will be impossible; we can only speak of the final result.

First, the gold had to be hoisted up into the shed—that was done. Next, it had to be carried across the flats to the old farmhouse and hidden in the cellar—that was done, too.

By this time it was three o'clock in the morning, and Tom had still work to do.

"If old Grinder wants to find out the truth, let him work for it, Billy," said Tom. "Are you good for another hour or so?"

"Good for a year," declared Billy, who was wild with excitement. "What's next, Tom?"

"We fill up the hole and then burn the shanty."

"But have we got it all?"

"Blest if I know, and I'll be hanged if I care. If there is any left Grinder can have it, but I'll make another haul out of him—you'll see."

Tom was in no talking mood now—the working fit was still strong upon him, and he and Billy pitched in bravely and actually did fill up the hole.

The next move was to bring down a lot of dry brush wood from the farm, which was piled inside the shed. There was still half an hour before daylight, and while Billy watched outside, Tom touched a match to the brush, ran out and locked the door.

"Scoot, Billy!" he said. "A man may have a right to burn his own property if it isn't insured, but we don't want to be seen round here. Run for your life!"

They ran up on the road instead of cutting across lots to the farm.

By the time they were on top of the bluff, the interior of the shed was a roaring furnace.

For a moment they paused and watched the flames come bursting through the roof.

"She's a goner!" cried Tom, and away they went like the wind toward the farmhouse.

The fire bells were ringing down in Jericho by the time they reached it. Tom looked back at the reflection of the fire against the sky, and then went in and locked the door.

"Done!" he cried. "By gracious, we are rich, Billy! We've got the buried gold!"

How much was there in the bags, some of which contained coin, but more dust?

Of course that was the next question with the boys, and they spent another hour trying to answer it.

The gold was weighed upon an old grocer's scale, which Tom happened to have in the house, and the avoirdupois weight reduced to troy weight, and after it was all done, Tom declared that they had taken between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold dust off the wreck of the Sultan. He was a little confused about the reduction of weights, and could not get any nearer than that.

"It's enough anyhow," he declared, "and I shall stick to my agreement, Billy. One-third of it is yours."

Billy protested, but Tom insisted. "All I want is for you to leave the whole business in my hands a week," he said. "Then I'll pay you in hard cash—no dust."

What was Tom's scheme? He would not tell when Billy asked him. Let us hurry over the events of the next few days, and it will be made plain.

All the boys in Jericho turned out to the fire, and within fifteen minutes men came around the farm-house knocking on the door, and calling for Talking Tom.

But Tom never answered—never paid the slightest attention to them. He and Billy were down in the cellar at the time with the light hidden so that it could not be seen from the road—they were busy weighing gold.

When morning dawned there was nothing but a heap of blackened ruins where the mysterious shed had been, and all traces of Tom's digging were pretty much obliterated.

Billy went home alone, and Tom sneaked down by way of the flats and came upon old Grinder and several others poking about among the ruins.

"Hello! Here's Tom Terry now!" cried one, and then old Grinder tackled the boy.

"Hey there, young Terry. Where you been? Didn't you know your shanty was afire, hey?" drawled the old miser in his cracked voice.

"Yes, I did," replied Tom, stoutly. "I set it afire myself. I ought to know."

"What! What!" cried the old man. "What did you set it afire for? Don't you know it's against the law to commit arson, hey?"

"Well, mebbe there's a law for this case and mebbe there isn't," replied Tom. "If you want to know why I set the fire, I don't mind telling you. It was so it would burn up. What's that? None of my fooling? Are you a judge, or a jury, or what are you? Look here, Grinder, I built that building because I wanted to build it, and I was a fool for doing it, because there wasn't time enough for me to carry out the plan I had in mind. This is your day; I suppose before night you'll have taken the old farm away from me. I was determined you shouldn't have the shanty because it would be just what you wanted. What's that? What did I build it for? Wait till you get the farm and then find out."

It was rather a short speech for Talking Tom, but he had said all he wanted to say, which being the case, he turned on his heel and walked away.

## CHAPTER XII.

### TOM TESTS HIS FRIENDS.

Jericho had something else to think of besides worrying itself over the destruction of Tom Terry's little shanty, for the town was pretty well knocked out by the cyclone, and people were busy talking over their losses and getting ready to build.

Therefore no one paid any particular attention to the ragged youth, who hurried up Main street an hour later. Why should they? It was only Talking Tom!

Tom steered straight for Colonel Crockett's handsome mansion, and opening the gate started up through the garden toward the front steps, when all at once the door flew open and out came Miss Carrie Crockett dressed for a walk.

"Oh, Mr. Terry!" she exclaimed, with her usual sunny smile. "I'm so glad to see you! Why haven't you been here before? Really, papa has taken it quite to heart. You saved our lives, and—"

Here Carrie paused, for Tom, though blushing fearfully, held himself in a way which made her half ashamed to speak of reward, as she intended to do.

"I've been very busy, Miss Crockett," he replied. "Really, I've had no time for calling, but this morning I've come to see your father on business. Is he at home?"

"Well, he is," replied Carrie, with a little pout on her pretty lips. "I thought you'd come to see me, and I was going to tell you how awfully glad I was to see you, and how glad Edith would be, but—ah! here's papa now."

"Hello, Tom Terry! How are you this morning?" exclaimed the colonel, in his usual bluff and hearty way, for the magnate of Jericho now appeared at the front door. "Why in thunder haven't you been up to see me before?"

"I was just telling Miss Carrie how busy I'd been, sir. I—"

"Now, then, boy, what can I do for you?" broke in the colonel. "You want something. Out with it, for I'm in a hurry. Don't be bashful. I'm going to do the right thing by you, and if you don't ask for enough you'll hear from me."

"I didn't come here to—" began Tom, when the colonel broke in upon him again.

"Oh, spit it out! Spit it right out! I'll help you. My daughter's life and my life are not things I value lightly. Come, Tom, I intend to settle ten thousand dollars on you—is that enough?"

Tom smiled.

"I don't want your money, colonel," he said, proudly. "What I want is your name."

"My name!" cried the colonel, looking puzzled.

"Yes, sir. The sale of our place comes off to-day at noon. I want to bid it up above the mortgage so I may get something out of it. I want you to be there and back me up in my bids."

"Hello!" said the colonel. "I don't know about that. The farm ain't worth much, and from what I've heard of you I should say you were no farmer and never would be one. Why not take me up on my offer and let her rip?"

"I intend to let her rip, sir, but I want to make old man Grinder pay all I can."

"What's the mortgage?"

"Five thousand."

"He won't bid a cent above it, of course."

"I think he will, sir."

"And why?"

"Because he believes in the story about the wreck of the Sultan being under our land."

"Pshaw! Nonsense! That's all moonshine."

"He don't think so, colonel. As I understand the law, every cent he bids above the mortgage comes to me."

"That's right, but you'll never grow rich out of what you get out of old Mose Grinder, I tell you that."

"I'd like to try, sir."

"Help him, father—do help him!" said Carrie earnestly.

"All right," said the colonel, with careless indifference. "I've no objection if your heart is not in it, Tom. I'll be at the sale. Stop a bit and talk to Carrie, who has been dying to see you ever since that night—that night I shall never forget. Good-by! I'll see you later at the sale," and having said this Colonel Crockett hurried away.

Of course Tom could not run after him, so, bashful as he felt about it, he had to stay and do the agreeable to Carrie Crockett, but he got away as soon as he could.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Answers to Correspondents.

F. W. L.—We can still supply the following numbers of The Wide Awake Library: From 1,200 to 1,352, with the exception of six or seven numbers, which are out of print. 2 We cannot say at present when we shall have another story of that kind; all new stories will be duly announced from one to two weeks in advance of publication.

EDGAR F.—The word "Morro" means a promontory; an abrupt projection of land into the sea. The Spanish build forts on promontories and call them castles, consequently there are Morro forts or castles at Havana, Santiago de Cuba and San Juan, Porto Rico, and many other places fortified by the Spanish at the entrance to harbors.

CONRADE.—The Congressman from your district will inform you when the next vacancy will occur in West Point; write him for information. 2 The Red River rises in the northern part of Texas, is the dividing line between Texas and Indian Territory, flows through the southwestern part of Arkansas and through Louisiana to the Mississippi about fifteen miles below Natchez.

WM. MOORE.—The watermark on a postage stamp can be discerned in various ways, as follows: By looking on the back of the stamp, by dampening the stamp, by holding it up to the light, and by soaking it in benzine—either way may bring it to light; in some cases, where the watermark is large and covers several stamps, it is sometimes difficult to find it unless you have part of a sheet of stamps in one block.

BOBOLINK.—The following is said to be an excellent recipe to make home-made ginger ale: Take nine gallons of water, ten pounds brown or white sugar eleven ounces of bruised ginger, nine ounces lemon juice, one-half pound honey and three pints of yeast. Boil the ginger half an hour in a gallon of the water, then add the rest of the water and the other ingredients and set it aside. When cold, strain it and add the white of one egg beaten and one-half ounce essence of lemon. Let it stand four days and then bottle.

DRUGGISTS.—No. 135 of this paper contained "The Boy Railroad King," "The Winning Nine," "The Boy Senator," "Fighting with Gomez," "Six Months on the Wheel," and "Tony, the Torment." No. 150 contained "The Quaker Boy Spy," "Tony, the Torment, at School," "Young Thomas T.," "The Camping Out Club," "Tom Barry, of Barrington," "The Two Flyers," and "The Boy Prospectors." 2 The price of back numbers of HAPPY DAYS is five cents per copy, postage free; we cannot make any reduction.

MRS. H. F. HAUCH.—We do not know of any place where you can purchase silk worms in the United States. They have to be imported to order. 2 You can purchase books relating to the culture of silk worms and the silk industry from dealers in scientific books, or you can order such from the American News Co., 39 and 41 Chambers street, New York. 3 By corresponding with the secretaries of the leading silk mills of Paterson, N. J., you can get full information as to the market for silk cocoons and what is required of the producer. Unless this business is indulged in on a large scale, we do not think it would be remunerative.

DRUMMER.—There are schoolships in Philadelphia, New York and Boston. They are for the purpose of training boys in seamanship for the mercantile marine, and have nothing to do with the United States Navy. The term is two years, and when finished, the boy is fit to enter the merchant service as a petty officer, but the schoolships do not guarantee him any position. Only boys who reside in the State in which the schoolship is situated are eligible for appointment. An apprentice in the navy is enlisted at any navy yard or naval recruiting station. He must be between the ages of fourteen and seventeen, have the consent of parent or guardian, and pass a physical and mental examination. He must serve until he is twenty-one, and the pay is \$9, \$10 and \$11 a month, according to the length of service. At the end of his term, if he re-enlists, he is paid \$19 a month, and may get a petty officer's berth, with wages up to \$40 a month.

(For Additional Correspondents see 3rd Page.)

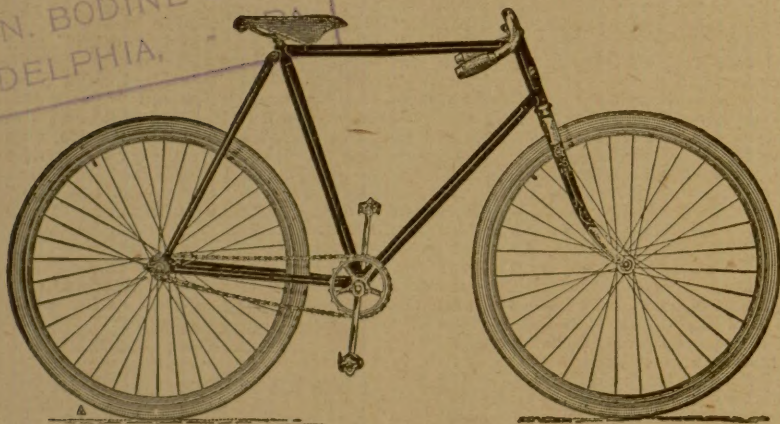
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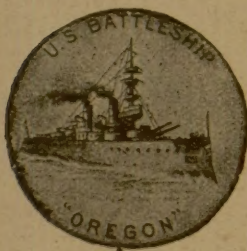
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